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The Two Hundred Firms

ONCE again Mr. Churchill has staked high—and lost. The defeat of the Conservative vote of censure means that the political initiative, which for a few days seemed to be slipping from his hands, is once again firmly held by the Prime Minister. Had the Conservatives won in the division lobbies last Tuesday, Mr. Churchill would have obliterated the memories of his luckless broadcast encounter with Mr. Attlee and removed the impression, which was growing among all sections of public opinion, that he has been exploiting the world crisis in a last feverish effort to regain office. The election, in fact, would have taken place on ground of his own choosing, and the Labour Government, accused by practically the whole national press of furthering its partisan Socialist schemes, would have been forced on to the defensive. In these circumstances the Liberal vote might well have swung against it in an election concentrated on the one issue of steel nationalisation.

This danger is now removed. The Cabinet can proceed to prepare a King's Speech which will probably include proposals for leasehold reform and for permanent peace-time controls of the economy, as well as a reference to the Government's role in preventing the war spreading from Korea. Such a programme will put the Steel Board in its proper place as merely one piece of machinery necessary to a full-employment economy.

But Tuesday's debate has achieved far more than the frustration of Mr. Churchill's ambitions. For over a year the Labour leadership has been becalmed, anxiously waiting for a wind once again to fill its sails. Steel nationalisation last February was regarded an accomplished fact by the rank and file and, outside the steel and engineering centres, was hardly discussed during the election. It was one of the obvious things which should be done by any Labour Government, but, in the eyes of most people, it was nothing more. Now, however, the revelations made by Mr. Strauss in the last minutes of his speech may well transform the situation. Since few of the daily newspapers published the full text, we give it here.

> I was anxious, as were the Government, to have some leaders of the industry serving on the Corporation. I therefore invited their spokesman to submit to me the names of experienced men who would be acceptable to their fellow industrialists for inclusion. However, the Executive Committee decided that such a list should not be submitted to me . . . and they warned me at the same time that the Corporation, deprived of such people, would be unable successfully to plan the steel industry. Furthermore, I was informed that every effort would be made to dissuade any important man I might approach from serving on the Corporation. . . . This is concerted action by a number of people for the specific purpose of sabotaging an Act of Parliament. It seems to me, and I think it will seem to many people inside and outside the House, that such action is so irresponsible and so shocking that it deprives those who have taken it of any right to own and control this great industry.

Mr. Strauss's statement has been reinforced by the circumstances surrounding the withdrawal of Mr. Maclean from his position as a part-time member of the Board. We understand that Mr. Maclean, immediately his name was announced, was subjected to the strongest pressures, and, after a brief resistance, withdrew because he was convinced that his livelihood would be in danger by serving on the Board.

Mr. Churchill must already be uneasily aware that what seemed to be a brilliant Parliamentary coup will boomerang. For weeks we have heard quite justifiable denunciations of Communist efforts to promote unauthorised strikes for purely political reasons. Now we learn that a few score men, who at present control the steel industry, have decided to sabotage an Act of Parliament; and last Tuesday's debate showed that the Conservative Party, headed by Mr. Churchill, will give them every Parliamentary assistance in this plot.

Millions of voters, who felt no particular interest in steel nationalisation, or even were vaguely resentful of it, may now begin to realise the truth of the Labour Party's assertion that, in the case of steel, there is a real struggle for power. The actions of the Steel Federation have provided the final arguments which were lacking in the debates on steel nationalisation of the last Parliament. The steel magnates are ready to co-operate with the Government on their own terms. When Parliament decides to impose new conditions, they fight, with no holds barred. And Mr. Churchill argues that the Government should accept this form of industrial sabotage as "the voice of the people."

The Menace of Mr. Deakin

Ministers too easily acquire the habit of attributing all difficulties to Communism and all strikes to the machinations of Moscow. On this occasion, however, we are inclined to accept Mr. Isaac's statement that the British Communist Party has received instructions to undertake at once a campaign of industrial sabotage. We believe that Mr. Isaacs has more concrete evidence than that published last year about Communist activity in the London dock strike.

How is this threat to be met? Mr. Deakin has a simple answer—damn the Communist Party by legislative action and purge the Labour Party of any trade unionist who dares to challenge the official bureaucracy. This proposal, coming from the Secretary of what is probably the most undemocratic union in the country, shows a deplorable blindness both to the real nature of the Communist danger and to its causes. The reason, for instance, why the Communists have gained control of vigorous rank and file movements inside Mr. Deakin's own union is because he permits his members not too much, but too little freedom. Moreover, by clinging to wage restraint, and simultaneously opposing any national wages and profits policy, the trade union leaders are only widening the gulf between officials and rank and file and so creating the ideal conditions for the present emergency.

What is saddening is the ineptness of trade union leadership to-day. At Brighton it almost seemed as though the General Council of the T.U.C. was deliberately presenting the Communists with opportunities to organise its defeat. Now if Mr. Deakin has his way and the Communist Party is outlawed, he will once again be playing into the hands of his opponents. The Communists want nothing better than to go underground protesting against the violation of democracy. Common sense dictates two courses of action. The job of dealing with actual sabotage and of keeping tabs on the industrial fifth column should be left to Counter-Intelligence. What the trade union leaders should do is to grapple with the grievances of their members. If there is to be no wages and profits policy, and no stop on rising prices, then wage restraint must be lifted and a round of wage increases permitted. Indeed the sooner this comes the better, since it is absolutely vital, if the minority movement is not to grow, that the rank and file should feel that their leaders are working on their behalf. Of course the end of wage restraint may be both dangerous and from the workers' point of view self-frustrating unless machinery is also provided to prevent inflation. This danger makes us continue to urge as an alternative to the end of wage restraint a vigorous initiative by the Government in which the unions could acquiesce

The Steel Executive

With the Iron and Steel Federation, and indeed a large part of the business world, doing their best to prevent Mr. Strauss from finding suitable members for the new Iron and Steel Corporation, the Government had to cast its net wide in constituting the new body which is due to assume office next month. Out of seven, including two part timers, there is only one trade unionist, not from the steel unions but from the A.E.U.

For the rest, the Chairman, Mr. Hardie, of the British Oxygen Company, is being vehemently attacked by his fellow-capitalists as a notorious "autocrat"; but nothing much has been said about the others. One, General Steele, is presumably leaving his post as Adjutant-General because of the very close connection between the steel industry and the equipment of the armed forces. Two, Sir John Green, of Firth and John Brown, and Mr. Garten—on part-time—are steel men who have defied the business boycott. The other, apart from Mr. Maclean (resigned) is Sir Vaughan Berry, who adds to financial experience and progressive opinions a good record as a British administrator in Germany. Altogether, Mr. Strauss seems to have done a workmanlike job in face of the difficulties. In particular, we are glad to see a chairman from outside the industry.

Mr. Truman's Two Campaigns

Our Correspondent in New York writes: After Labour Day, early in September, both autumn and the American election season officially begin. Mr. Truman is now trying to fight a war and a Congressional election at the same time, and in both campaigns he is under bitter Republican attack. Korea has provided his opponents with ample ammunition to fire at the Administration and the Democrats. The charges that hurt most are that the President has neglected American defence and that he is still an unenthusiastic convert to a "tough" anti-Communist policy. The first charge the President has met, in part, by committing himself to a rearmament programme, by mobilisation on a limited scale, and by promising greater help to America's allies. The second he cannot disprove, because it has a measure of truth. Mr. Truman has moved a long way in two years, but he is still refusing to be stampeded into the extreme measures that both Republicans and some of his own colleagues are advocating.

It is believed here that the President still thinks that the war can be localised. He has rebuked his own Navy Secretary and suspended General Anderson, commandant of the Air War College, for advocating a "preventative" and general war against the U.S.S.R. He has protested against the passage of the most drastic anti-Communist legislation yet to come from Congress. And he has succeeded, for the moment at least, in silencing General MacArthur

Japanese Treaty

"The great revolutionary ferment," which Dean Acheson said last week was "the fundamental fact in Asia," has forced the "Big Three" Foreign Ministers, the United Nations Assembly and American Congressional planners to place Far Eastern affairs at the top of their agendas. In the case of the Japanese Peace Treaty President Truman asked the State Department to open consultations with members of the Far East Commission, which includes Britain, France, China and the Soviet Union and then told Mr. Bevin about the initiative he had taken. A Peace Treaty with Japan is long overdue. It was planned for the last meeting of the Foreign Ministers in May. But at that time the conflict of policy between Dean Acheson and General MacArthur prevented it and another Mission, consisting of Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of State for Defence, was sent to Tokyo to find a compromise. Mr. Dulles is in charge of work on a Japanese Treaty for Mr. Acheson. But other countries too played their part in the defeat of Japan, and a Peace Treaty to be effective must be more than American political warfare, or election campaigning. Mr. Bevin, who has been putting up a serious fight for the recognition of the Chinese People's Republic, will make a further contribution to a Far Eastern settlement, if he also insists that in any discussions on a peace treaty with Japan the only people who can speak for China should have a place in the Far Eastern Commission. The Indian resolution to accept the Chinese People's Republic on the General Assembly of Uno was defeated by 33 to 16 votes, with ten abstentions. Britain was among India's supporters.

The Terror in Greece

How far the situation in Greece has degenerated since the comparatively lenient and enlightened period of the Plastiras Government earlier this year may now be measured from the latest protest by Comisco. This Socialist International, which represents 33 Labour Parties in 22 countries, cabled Deputy Prime Minister Tsaldaris on September 16 to protest against the sentence of death, passed by a military court at Lamia, on Dr. Psaromitas, one of the parliamentary candidates of the ELD party, which is affiliated to Comisco. The protest points out that even the Prosecutor asked for the accused's discharge; it argues that the object of the trial and sentence is to break up the ELD party, and indicates "the return to a regime of terror."

Hopes that Plastiras would be able to improve the political atmosphere after the decisive rejection of the Right at last April's elections were soon dashed. Plastiras himself seems to have become completely pessimistic within a few weeks of taking office. During the summer it became clear that the Right was plotting a comeback. Early in September the plot was sprung, and Venizelos, whom the Americans had pushed out of office a few months before, assumed the premiership again. His first cabinet consisted only of members of his own "Liberal" party; this was soon defeated, but instead of the general election which ought to have followed, M. Venizelos simply remade his cabinet with the addition of the right wing Tsaldaris and of the no less right wing Papandreou.

Behind these parliamentary charades, the sufferings of Greece continue unabated. More evidence accumulates that torture and terror are widely practised on the mainland and on the islands, but above all in the many prisons, camps, and places of exile. Here is how a visitor to Makronessos describes the condition of prisoners in the irreproachably non-Communist Swiss newspaper *Die Tat* (of July 29 last):

> We saw the fresh burns caused by red-hot irons, the broken hands and knee-joints, and most horrible, the mute men whose larynx had been broken. The diplomat and his wife had strong nerves; having been in a Japanese concentration camp, they also

possessed some medical knowledge. Leaving this to them, I could turn and ask the question (one of the objects of the writer's visit) whether there were poets there . . .

One of the poets found by this visitor was Thomas Kornaros, whose talent and liberal-mindedness had long ago embroiled him with the "authorities," and who may be known to a wider circle by his manifesto of 1943—*We Shall Not Die*. Kornaros, who remains in prison for crimes which he never committed, is only one of many good men whom the Government's "leniency" has failed to reach.

East-West Trade

Monday's proceedings in the House of Commons constituted only one round, though perhaps the decisive one, in the commercial war which various interests in this country and the United States have long waged against the expansion of trade between Western and Eastern Europe. No doubt the principle of putting the national interest first in the export of important machine tools is unexceptionable; but it would be quite wrong to imagine that it is this principle which has mainly spurred the enemies of "east-west trade." Many months of negotiation in the Economic Commission for Europe at Geneva have shown the British and American Governments consistently opposed to expanding trade with the Soviet Union and its partners—even when unassailably non-Socialist countries such as Belgium, have desired expansion.

Mr. Harold Wilson was generally interpreted as having given way to Tory pressure in announcing new controls on exports of potential war materials to Communist countries. His speech provided some interesting facts. Of the two export control lists framed by the Government a year ago, the first contains 119 prohibited items, and the second, which is quantitative, limits supplies of listed goods "to a trickle." Mr. Wilson said that the Government had been considering the addition of 59 items for complete prohibition and 45 for quantitative control.

It is hard to see how planned purchasing—the only kind of purchasing in which Eastern Europe is interested—of tools even remotely connected with the making of armaments can survive the Government's new practice. Although the Polish Government was given an assurance 18 months ago that there would be no discrimination against Poland in carrying out the Anglo-Polish agreement, an important machine-tool which was contracted for by Poland before the prohibited list was announced is now to be withheld. If such lists and orders are to be retrospective, as the Government now intends, new items can be added at any moment in complete disregard of existing contracts. Mr. Elwyn Jones was not alone among Government supporters in regretting this lighthearted approach to the breaking of contracts and the ruining of trade agreements.

PARLIAMENT: The Great Debate

Wednesday

By 10 o'clock in the morning, the queue for the public gallery was winding round the corner from St. Stephen's Entrance. Last Tuesday was *the* debate, and the public was right in feeling that, though the vote was a foregone conclusion, the day's events would make history. Moreover, it would be made in a way that no one could have foreseen when, exactly a week earlier, we settled down to hear the Prime Minister's statement on defence.

The defence debate fizzled. Mr. Churchill, dissuaded by Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler from a vote of censure, made his worst speech since 1945; and the pacifists, influenced by Mr. Hudson, realised just in time that a revolt against the prolongation of national service could only benefit the Tories. A whole series of Tory backbenchers denounced the rearmament programme as "too little and too late," while Jennie Lee expressed the feelings of a large number of her colleagues by her equivocal support of it. Unity was preserved until Thursday, partly by a concerted suppression of underlying anxieties and partly by the remarkable hold which the Prime Minister—younger and more sprightly for a summer spent in running the Departments of ailing colleagues—exerts over the House.

Then came George Strauss's statement on steel. Although it has been known ever since March that the Government was proceeding to implement the Act, no one, not even Herbert Morrison, seems to have thought out the timing of this announcement. Steel nationalisation is a dull subject, since the difference between a private monopoly, completely controlled by the State, and a State monopoly is narrow. But steel nationalisation has become an article of faith to politicians on both sides. To be anti-Socialist you must frustrate it; to be Socialist you must go on with it. It is the hump which Labour must get over to retain its dynamic, and on which Conservatism must make its last-ditch defence if it is not to accept the Socialist dispensation as the *status quo*.

But before the steel debate came Monday's interlude on the export of machine tools to the Eastern bloc. Harold Wilson came down to the House with a brief-case full of thunder, only to find Mr. Lyttelton behind the Speaker's Chair, at his most obliging. The Opposition were going to be oh so reasonable, so why not settle out of court and then have a formal debate which would exemplify national unity? So Mr. Wilson obliged by leaving his thunder in his despatch case; and within a few minutes found himself publicly succumbing to a series of hostile interruptions by Mr. Churchill. We could not have had a nicer illustration of the danger for a Labour Government of conciliating the Opposition.

And so we came to the great debate—or rather the great occasion, for steel has been debated *ad nauseam*. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Morrison opened in traditional style. Neither cares much about steel; both are masters of political manœuvre. They were at the top of their form, pleasing their supporters by their sallies and dismissed by their opponents as unworthy of the occasion. The contrast between this Parliamentary duet and the final speeches was the noteworthy feature of this debate. Mr. Eden and Mr. Strauss were consciously aware of the great underlying issue and, because they grappled with it, they impressed their opponents. The old men, including Mr. Clement Davies for the Liberals, had had their old say. Here, you felt, were the representatives of a new generation, who could give new life to the changing struggle of Left and Right. Stumbling home through the gas blackout, I think we all felt elated because British democracy is wonderfully and unpredictably alive.

R. H. S. Crossman

Korea

The successful landing of American marines at Inchon opens a new phase of the Korean war and also greatly increases the urgency of political decision. The landing was carried out with that speed and efficiency of organisation which Americans displayed in all their amphibious operations in the later stages of the war against Japan. United Nations forces have now cut the Pyongyang-Seoul highway, through which almost all North Korean supplies must pass on their way to Communist troops in the South. At the same time American troops have occupied Waegwan and are at several points pushing forward on the Southern front towards the vital road that connects Pusan and Seoul. It is too soon to prophesy, but clearly there is ground for believing that the tide of battle has turned in favour of the United Nations.

True to form, Syngman Rhee, the disastrous President of South Korea, is reported as boasting that even if the U.N. troops abide by their mandate and are satisfied with pushing the Communist forces across the 38th parallel, the South Korean army will nevertheless advance through North Korea to the Manchurian border. We hope that the United Nations will at once disabuse Syngman Rhee of any such thoughts. The object of U.N. operations in Korea is to prevent war not to spread it. So far both the Soviet Union and Communist China have been meticulously careful not to be directly involved. Russia is justly to be blamed for encouraging the Northern Korean aggression, but she has avoided action which would be likely to spread the war. If American and Southern Korean troops were to plan to push on to the boundaries of North Korea, which are only fifty miles from Vladivostock, it is difficult to see how world war could be avoided.

Sanity demands plain speaking about future policy in Korea. If the war spreads, the United Nations will have been defeated; its object was to show that aggression wouldn't pay. If it succeeds in making a Korean settlement which is accepted by the Soviet Union and chief countries of Asia, as well as the Western Powers and by the majority of the Koreans (who, at an appropriate time, must be asked to vote on the matter) then an important landmark in human history will have been reached. The chances of avoiding world war will have improved. Whether or not there is truth in the rumours that the North Koreans have already suggested mediation by India, it is almost certainly true that Pandit Nehru would be the best mediator and that the chances of lasting settlement will be greatly enhanced by Communist China's participation in the discussions. Once it is shown that an act of military aggression, whatever the provocation or excuse, leads to prompt action by the United Nations, the principles on which a settlement should proceed seem fairly clear, however difficult their application. The less America and the West try to dictate the settlement and the more it is framed by Asian countries, the better. Again, the settlement must aim at the unity of Korea and, if it is to be more than a mere truce, it must be acceptable to a majority of all the Koreans.

German Rearmament

THE three Foreign Ministers have not agreed with one another upon the manner or extent of West German rearmament—perhaps the most important of many difficult items on their agenda—and the current meeting of the North Atlantic Council has admitted that it cannot for the moment carry the matter any further. What is surprising, however, is that the tougher opposition to Mr. Acheson's "single-pack solution" has come from M. Schuman and not from Mr. Bevin. While Mr. Bevin, somewhat at variance with his attitude a little earlier, has seemed ready to move much of the way towards Mr. Acheson's proposals for remilitarisation, M. Schuman would budge no further than acceptance of a strengthened and centralised police force in Western Germany. We must be on our guard, however, against reading too much into this European opposition to the raising and equipment of full-scale German fighting units. Both M. Schuman and Mr. Bevin would appear to have committed their Governments to the general principle of West German military participation in the Atlantic system. Both have also agreed to important extensions of West German sovereignty.

The argument over German remilitarisation has become confused by the variety of proposals in the field. Substantially, these are three. The first is for the immediate creation, without shams or subterfuge, of a new *Reichswehr* in Western Germany. This proposal has found few backers outside Germany or—what is certainly important but is often overlooked—inside Germany either, if the clamour of ex-officers' associations such as the *Bruderschaft* may be ignored.

A second proposal has many backers both in Western Germany and in the Atlantic alliance. German units should be raised, it is held, under German field and tactical command, but placed at the corps stage under non-German command as part of a "European army." Something of the kind has long been favoured by British and American military staffs; and it is no secret that an international army under American command, including perhaps a score of German divisions, formed a leading part of the projects which Mr. Acheson set before his two colleagues in New York. It is this proposal which Mr. Churchill has made his own and to which, among others, General de Gaulle and leading Republicans in the United States have lent their support. This week the three Foreign Ministers "noted the sentiments recently expressed in Germany and elsewhere in favour of German participation in an integrated (European) force"—a passage in the official statement which hints volumes on what is likely to happen next.

More modest is the third proposal. This recognises the manifold obstacles to raising a West German army—not least the reimposition of conscription when none exists in Eastern Germany—and asks only for the establishment of a strongly armed, mobile, and centralised gendarmerie. The Italian Government, it may be recalled, has already acquired something of the kind in its strike-busting and trigger-happy *Celere*.

But why, after all, need any of these proposals be considered so soon after world-wide determination to keep the Germans disarmed? Broadly, the reasons that are advanced are two. In the first place, it is argued that the necessary divisions for the defence of Western Europe against hypothetical Soviet invasion cannot be found without bringing in the Germans. Secondly, it is argued that Western Germany must be able to defend itself against the supposed danger of invasion by the para-military forces now being raised in Eastern Germany. These two reasons, it will be seen, refer to entirely different sets of circumstances: in the first, the emergency is the third world war, while in the second it is German civil war.

The second reason, even assuming aggressive intentions by the Eastern Germans, in any case ignores the fact that an invasion by German para-military forces would certainly meet the fully military resistance now pledged by allied occupation armies—which are to be strengthened to a point that will make the threat insignificant. The first reason is still more dubious, for it makes the far-reaching assumption that the creation of German fighting units will improve the chance for peace. Neither reason is convincing. It is hard to avoid the conclusion that those who advance such reasons have abandoned their belief in the possibility of a peaceful settlement with Russia.

In the minds of the conservative nationalists of Bonn, no doubt, the emergence of an armed gendarmerie, now granted by the Foreign Ministers, is only the first step on the road to military sovereignty. It is a short step, however, and the Western Powers can probably take it without undue danger to themselves or to the peace of Europe. The proposal to raise large German units as part of a "European army," however, is quite another matter: given the quality of German military leadership, this would be not a step but a stride, and a long stride, towards the new *Reichswehr* that the Foreign Ministers say they do not want. Those in the West who support this proposal seem to forget that a European army presupposes a European government and parliament—a supra-national authority of which none exists today in more than embryonic form. Who is to direct this army? What representative assembly of the peoples of Europe will control it? If both sides of the House of Commons were of the opinion that Britain could not safely delegate her sovereignty over steel production, how can any realistic politician dare consider delegating sovereignty in the infinitely more decisive matter of the British armed forces?

There are overwhelming arguments, political, technical, and moral, against raising a German army in any form. Even Adenauer and his friends consider that a West German army (however "integrated") would be taken by the Soviet alliance as a major provocation—hence Adenauer's request that the raising of such German units should be carried on behind the screen of greatly reinforced Western contingents in Germany. If it would not provoke war, it would certainly provoke the East Europeans into redoubling their own preparations, so that the last state of Europe would be worse than the first. Only a few weeks ago the Polish Government announced that the period of military service in Poland would be extended.

The reasonable thing, if the world were reasonable, would be to arrange a meeting of the four occupying Powers in order to make a last-minute attempt to avert the dual remilitarisation which neither side can really want. Anything else is certain to be dangerous in more or less degree. To raise straightway a large number of German fighting units, as the Americans have proposed, is to cast the whole apparatus of diplomacy out of the window and once more to misread the sentiment of Europe. Even as it is, the Foreign Ministers appear to be concentrating, to the exclusion of all else, on the American formula for building up a "position of strength" in Western Germany. Yet to attempt this by remilitarisation seems about as sensible as to arm oneself with a grenade from which the pin may fall at any moment. If the building of "positions of strength" is really intended as the prelude to making war—as the Russians say it is—then the raising of military forces in Western Germany is probably a sound policy. But if it is intended as the prelude to making peace, then the raising of a *Reichswehr*—in whatever initial and concealed form—will only make an eventual settlement more distant and more difficult.

The utmost to which Mr. Bevin should agree, in all the circumstances, is to the formation of a centralised gendarmerie in Western Germany; and it will be a matter for sharp regret if he has weakened from his earlier stand, as some reports suggest, and has now conceded the principle of West German remilitarisation. No doubt the dilemma is puzzling: having created a West German Government with the promise of eventual sovereignty, the Western Powers cannot in the end avoid giving it the means of defending itself—unless they can meanwhile promote a general settlement. But it is precisely to this central task—of promoting a general settlement by peaceful means—that the Foreign Ministers should now devote their attention.

Who Listens?

[The writer, who is a producer on the staff of the B.B.C., was recently invited to write a documentary for the U.N. Radio Division and to direct it at Lake Success.]

THE blue-uniformed guard examines your pass. You enter the Press Gallery at the back of the Security Council Chamber, which is like an austere modern theatre. With the Press, you are in the rear stalls. In the Pit sits the Great American Public, several hundred of it, in descending tiers of well-padded seats. Before them, at the horseshoe table, sit the actors, the eleven delegates. The Secretary-General takes his seat, the floodlights glare, the movie cameras whirr, and behind the windows of the radio booths, high in the side-walls, the commentators lean towards their microphones. The show has begun: another Council is in session. And in a distant part of the U.N. Building, gleaming turntables begin spinning, and engineers gently lower their cutter-heads into the black acetate discs. Behind the scenes Uno's Radio Division is at work.

Like the larger organisation of which it forms part, the Radio Division draws its staff from as many as possible of the member States, though naturally the majority come from countries with the most highly developed radio systems. The Director is a Canadian, his Deputy is a Chilean. The Chief of Production is an Englishman, the head of the English Language Section an American. And there are Arabs, Chinese, Russians, French, Mexicans—all specialists in their field. There is, of course, nothing new in a multi-national staff of broadcasters. Practically every large broadcasting system has its "International Service" and maintains foreign nationals to present its point of view to their countrymen. But Uno's Radio Division is unique in that here is an embryo world broadcasting organisation, not expressing any national or sectional viewpoint. Whereas the Press Division must, in the main, operate indirectly through the world's newspapers, the Radio Division can, to some extent, speak directly to peoples.

The Division began, in 1946, as a channel through which the hundreds of radio correspondents and newsmen accredited to Uno could transmit their dispatches. It has now developed a voice of its own, a voice speaking in 24 languages. There are four main sections or services; European and Middle East, Latin-American, Trans-Pacific, and the English Language services, which have the greatest weekly output, between fifty and sixty hours per week. Next comes Europe and the Middle East with 16 hours; Latin-America, 12 hours; and the output of the Trans-Pacific Service, covering India, Pakistan, China and the Far East, is between ten and twelve hours.

Naturally a large proportion of these broadcasts are news-reports, which have to be completely objective. With 59 nations looking on, the U.N. newscasters cannot indulge in editorialising or propaganda. There are, however, special programmes compiled by the U.N. staff to describe various phases of United Nations work, as it relates to the everyday lives of listeners. The most widely-heard programme in the English language service is "United Nations Today," a fifteen-minute daily review of significant international developments, highlighted by the recorded voices of delegates as they speak at United Nations meetings, supplemented by interviews. This has been running for four years, and is taken by approximately one hundred stations throughout the U.S. and Canada. It emanates from the studios at Lake Success. Some stations "hook in" on a land-line, others receive a recording which they play on the following day. These independent stations, ranging from Phoenix, Arizona, to Spokane, Washington, and from Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, to Fall River, Massachusetts, form a coast-to-coast network.

Another popular feature is "Memo from Lake Success," described as "a personal memorandum from the U.N. to you," broadcast once a week by the nation-wide C.B.S. network of over 500 stations. This is more interpretative than "U.N. Today." It may highlight some current problem, or show one of the U.N. agencies at work. It is imaginatively produced, and has a large audience in America. But perhaps the most imaginative work of the Division is in the special one-hour documentaries prepared by such writers as Norman Corwin, whose work first became known to British listeners during the war, when he produced a special series called "An American in Britain." Just as in Britain, the war gave American documentary writers their biggest opportunity, and some outstanding programmes were produced by Corwin, Archibald Macleish and others. But unlike this country, where the radio documentary is now well established, America has practically abandoned this type of programme. The big commercial networks, obsessed by "Crossley ratings" (the listener Research Polls on which the Advertising Agencies rely when planning their programmes) have fallen back on quiz-shows, soap operas, crime serials, any kind of show which can be guaranteed to pull in the maximum audience. As one U.S. documentary writer said to me "American radio today is ninety per cent. huckstering." The result has been that such American writers as still want to write documentaries have turned to Uno as patron, much to Uno's benefit.

The other U.N. radio services do not obtain such a wide coverage, but their broadcasts are widely heard. Short-wave transmissions from Lake Success are heard throughout Europe and many stations rebroadcast them. Radio-Diffusion Française takes a daily despatch, and the French section broadcasts a daily newsreel, besides special features. Latin-America takes a remarkable number of U.N. programmes by short-wave and local re-broadcasts, and by recorded transcriptions. The Middle East Section is also active. Radio-Ankara monitors the Turkish transmissions from Lake Success and uses them in its own bulletins. The Arabic programme is also rebroadcast by Egypt and monitored by the Lebanese, Syrian and Jordan broadcasting services. The Trans-Pacific Service broadcasts to China, India, Pakistan, the Philippines and Siam. Fan-mail from countries receiving U.N. programmes indicates that they have a wide following. Russia also uses the service and there are Russian producers in the Radio Division. They broadcast a half-hour programme daily which is heard in the U.S.S.R., Poland and Czechoslovakia. The Soviet radio men at Lake Success work harmoniously with their colleagues from other countries and are loyal to the spirit of the Division.

This corporate loyalty—M. Palthey, of the Bureau of Personnel, calls it a "big devotion to the general interest"—undoubtedly exists. Watching the team working together—Americans, English, French, Chinese, Indians—is an impressive experience. There is nothing starry-eyed about these men and women. Some have been trained by national radio organisations in the tradition of "public service broadcasting." Some are hard-bitten commercial radio men who, though they would die rather than admit it, prefer to use their talents "selling" Uno than earning fabulous salaries selling soap. They proved, to one observer at least, that people of diverse nationalities *can* sink their individual loyalties in a common cause—a cheering reflection, even at this depressing moment in the world's history.

LEONARD COTTRELL

Should We Nationalise Building?

EVERYONE knows that building costs in this country are much too high, and that the building industry is in a mess. The high level of costs and the low level of output which is one of its causes make the housing problem insoluble and, in doing so, also hold up urgent developments in education and in many other fields. Recent reports on the industry hold out no hope of a fall in costs, even if output per man-hour continues to advance nearer to what it was before the war; and the Report of the Working Party, published a few months ago, simply shirked all the really important problems. The Report of the delegation which went to the United States under the auspices of the Anglo-American Productivity Council was little more hopeful.

What is wrong with the building industry in Great Britain, and how can we hope to put it right? One evident fact is that there is a big difference in efficiency between the best and the worst firms. The importation of civil engineering methods can speed up performances on some big building contracts; but it does not greatly help in the large number of smaller contracts—and the average size of contracts is at present uneconomically reduced by shortages of men and materials, as well as by the limitations put on capital construction projects as part of the Government's anti-inflation policy. If each local authority could plan its capital projects on the most economic scale, and the necessary labour and materials could be provided, costs would fall appreciably, even without changes in the organisation of the industry. This, however, is plainly impossible as matters stand; and accordingly we should plan to make the best of an industry that is bound to be rationed to a limited share of the resources available for capital projects.

How should we set about this? The National Federation of Building Trades Operatives, at its recent conference, put forward the outline of a plan for nationalising both the major part of the building and civil engineering industries and also the entire supply of building materials—not only cement, bricks and castings, but also timber, paint, wall-paper, and electrical equipment and apparatus. Indeed, it urged that the nationalisation of the supply of materials ought to come first, and seemed to hold that nothing much could be done without it. The Federation also favoured the nationalisation of land, as a necessary step towards getting the best allocation of sites of the right shapes and sizes and towards making the re-planning of our towns a really workable proposition. The Federation did not, however, enter into any detail about either land or materials: it was not even clear whether it was proposed to nationalise the whole range of industries producing builders' materials—a very tall order—or only to establish a central wholesaling agency under the State through which the building industry would receive all its supplies—a more manageable, but still a sizable, proposal.

For the building and civil engineering

industries themselves, the Federation proposed to draw a line according to size of firm, in terms either of turnover or of number of employees, and to let alone all firms below the limit—say, all employing on the average fewer than twenty workers. This would exclude about 114,000 small firms employing nearly 300,000 workers, and would leave in roughly 9,000 employing nearly 700,000. Other excluded groups include the direct labour departments of local authorities and the building departments of big concerns such as I.C.I. and the Co-operative Wholesale Society. The very large number of firms engaged in jobbing and repair work would be left as they are: for the bigger firms the Federation has two proposals, one for an interim arrangement and the other for a permanent structure.

Under the interim arrangement, the individual firms would remain in being, but would all become sub-contractors to a National Building Corporation, to be set up under the policy control of a Ministry of Building which would absorb both the Ministry of Works and the Housing Section of the Ministry of Health. The new Ministry would be responsible for planning the output of the industry—and presumably the supply of materials: the Corporation would be the executant of the Government's policy, and would be subdivided into regional and local Corporations. The firms taken over would be subject to the Corporation's orders, and would be gradually bought out and taken directly into the Corporation's hands, their profits, over and above fair remuneration for services, passing into a Corporation fund which would be used in buying them out. Thus, in process of time, the Corporation would replace all the larger building firms; and, from the first, it would be the sole contracting authority for major building and civil engineering projects.

This plan is not worked out in any detail, and even the outline is by no means clear at all points—for example, the functions of a proposed Finance Corporation to work side by side with the National Building Corporation are not at all clearly explained. But there is surely a good deal to be said for the general idea. If a single body, instead of a number of quite independent firms, were responsible for the entire planning of the work on, say, a big council estate, and if a single agency were entrusted with the entire supply of materials, very considerable economies could be made, even if the actual building remained in the hands of a number of sub-contracting firms. These firms could be supplied with common services—e.g., transport—labour could be shifted round among them so as to ensure a better balanced working force at all stages; and pre-planning and pre-assembly of materials on the site could be much better arranged. A great deal of the present bother about getting separate licences for all sorts of supplies would be at once cut out; and work could proceed much more smoothly and expeditiously than it usually does at present.

As for the supply of materials, all-round nationalisation is hardly practicable; for it would have to extend into a large number of industries producing many other things besides builders' requisites; but a central Supply Agency, with regional and local agencies under it, could greatly facilitate standardisation, even if the actual manufacture were left mainly in private hands. As long as a large number of merchants are placing orders independently with a largish number of manufacturers and are dealing at the other end with a very large number of builders, each with his own notions, standardisation of building materials cannot be expected to make the advances that are needed. The Federation is right in regarding the handling of the materials problem as a necessary condition for the success of its scheme.

The scheme would leave architects, civil engineers, and other professionals unaffected, except that there would be a tendency for the number of salaried professionals under the Corporation to increase and for more of the work of the fee-taking professionals to be done for the Corporation. The scheme would also make possible—though the Federation appears not to favour the idea—a growth of Corporation Building Guilds, on the lines of those formed after the first World War, working for the Corporation. Last but not least it would facilitate the working out of a proper system of training and apprenticeship to remedy one of the industry's worst defects—a lack of adequate skilled man-power both in the manual crafts and in the supervisory and managerial grades.

All in all, the nationalisation of building, so often dismissed on the ground of the multiplicity of firms in the industry, is a perfectly practicable proposition, provided the small-scale operators are left in private, or Corporation, hands. It would be possible to make a start by taking over a smaller section of the industry than the Federation suggests. For example, if the limit were put at 100, instead of 20, employees, fewer than 1,250 firms, instead of 9,000, would be involved; but the firms taken over would have nearly 400,000 workers.

London Diary

I HEAR that the present plan is for Dr. Adenauer to announce on October 1st at the Industrial Fair in Berlin that Western Berlin is to be incorporated in the Western German State as a twelfth *Land*. This step has been the subject of prolonged discussion in Germany; the chief obstacles has been that it involves shifting to the Federal Republic the burden of the heavy cost of maintaining Western Berlin. Perhaps some compromise has now been reached on this point. It is hard to foresee the political consequences. Presumably it means destroying the tenuous bridge between East and West in Berlin. It seems unlikely that the West Berliner will be able to walk into the Russian sector. The Russians may insist on a customs frontier across the streets of Berlin. To many it will seem a provocative and dangerous step—so much so that I should not be surprised if Dr. Adenauer's mind does not undergo a last-minute change.

* * *

I mentioned recently Mr. George Wigg's project of forming a Democratic Listeners' Association. I am glad to hear that the idea is taking shape. Hundreds of people who do not see why the present absurd Listeners' Association should be the only pressure group have written to the House of Commons to support Mr. Wigg, who has obtained, I understand, the backing of some twenty other M.Ps. If you are annoyed by some case of gross impartiality, you should protest to the B.B.C. and send a copy of your letter to Mr. Wigg, who, in conjunction with his Advisory Committee, will consider whether to support you. The objects of the Democratic Listeners' Association are not to push people whose views they dislike off the air; they leave that idea to the Listeners' Association who go so far, for instance, as to object to a Conservative pugilist like Lord Hailsham having to stand up to Left-wing bruiser like Pritt! They are indeed so foolish and fanatical that even the tolerant and conciliatory Sir Ernest Simon, Chairman of the B.B.C., had to write on one occasion refusing to reply to further letters from its Secretary. Its objects are to keep the B.B.C. "anti-Communist" and to advocate passing it over to private hands! The new Democratic Listeners' Association is also a pressure group, but its object is to encourage the B.B.C., not to bully it. It wants different points of view honestly stated. It advocates serious discussion of topical issues, not party pugilism. It will not, for instance, try to ban any broadcaster, but merely seek fair play. It does not, for instance, deny in any way the right of the present clique of "economists" to state the case for capitalism, but it does insist that other economists should have the chance to expose their pretence to be "above the battle." If capitalists believe in the necessity of unemployment they should be compelled in controversy to admit it and say why.

* * *

General Smuts is best understood if we regard him as one of that remarkable group of Liberal Nationalists of whom President Masaryk was the prototype and President Weizman the last survivor. Philosophically they can all be considered descendants of Mazzini; they fought, and fought successfully, to realise a dream of national unity, at the same time believing in a world of co-operating national States. Smuts, like Weizman, was a peasant who became a scientist, a subtle politician, and a world figure. A brilliant guerrilla leader, he negotiated a highly successful peace with his conqueror, became his country's Prime Minister and managed to be something of a scholar and a philosopher in the course of a strenuous political life in which he was a leading member of the War Cabinet, one of the creators both of the British Commonwealth and of the League of Nations, incidentally picking up such passing honours as becoming an O.M., a Field Marshal, and Chancellor of Cambridge University. I cannot find that he was ever popular, and perhaps the oddest thing about his life is that the philosopher who called his doctrine Holism and taught that every part must be subjected to the good of the Whole, proved, when his national politics were at stake, little, if any, bigger than other provincial politicians. It would have been interesting to question General Smuts about how he recon-

ciled his repression of the great Rand strike of 1913 and his racialist views, with the eloquent sermons that he used to preach to the world about humanity striking its tents and marching in freedom towards world unity. The answer, if outspoken, would, I take it, have been that a politician must keep his place by the methods that come to hand, and that the united world that he loved to envisage was a White capitalist world in which the numberless millions of Coloured people were used kindly, but used as servants. It does not seem to me true, as people often say, that he was as much a racialist as Malan, but merely more intelligent and moderate; there is a difference in theory, as well as in practice, between teaching that the Black is necessarily and always inferior and holding that he may qualify in time for equal citizenship. His death removes an influence that had been in its time at least Liberal; it leaves his United Party weak and disunited. It also leaves a gap for some younger and more resolute opponent of Dr. Malan. The future in South Africa may depend on whether such a progressive leader can be found.

* * *

When Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P. makes an excellent precedent by staying with an African instead of a White settler in East Africa and, as a result, finds himself entertained at tea by 20,000 Africans, no-one is surprised, except perhaps Mr. Brockway himself. He is the kind of man of whom one expects the unconventional. But when Mr. Dugdale, Minister of State, and surely one of the most conventional Englishmen ever to be included in a Labour Government, walks out of a settlers' cocktail party and raises a storm by some caustic remarks about his attitude to racial questions, there is reason for surprise as well as for gratification. I notice that one of my contemporaries makes exactly the wrong comment on this episode which it describes as an example of "how not to do it." On the contrary, if you wish to be effective on such an issue, you must be rude, even to your host; you must stand on principle even if you are a Minister. If, like a Foreign Office official, you take your host aside and say, "You know, my dear fellow, we are not sure you are doing quite the pukka thing by the natives here; I rather think, if it wouldn't hurt anyone's feelings, that it would create a good impression for me to have a chat with a couple of natives, if you'd get them up here"—then you will certainly leave the Colony with an excellent press, having earned the detestation of the Africans and the contemptuous laughter of the settlers, who will be confirmed in their view that Labour politicians are just like all the others, wanting office and shooting off their mouths about things they don't understand and don't really mean.

* * *

Mr. Foot, who with Jennie Lee edits *Tribune*, is probably our best contemporary pamphleteer. (I am thinking not so much of his part in the best selling, but superficial *Guilty Men* as of his brilliant one-man effort called the *Trial of Mussolini*.) It therefore seems appropriate that it should be the *Tribune* which is trying an entirely new experiment in pamphlet publishing. The current issue explains that in future the review itself will only come out once a fortnight, but that once a month it will also appear in the form of a topical pamphlet. As a publishing device this strikes me as being full of difficulty. But it has the one advantage that a political pamphlet, which is produced instead of an issue of a review, can appear in a matter of four days. In this way a *Tribune* pamphlet may be remarkably topical. *Tribune* argues that there is an eager demand for up-to-date fully informed pamphleteering and that there is nothing that the Labour Movement needs more than an educational and propaganda service which will do for this generation what the Left Book Club did before the war. The question is whether the demand is large enough. Considerable sales are necessary for success. The Union of Democratic Control (32, Victoria St., S.W.1) is getting substantial sales for excellently informed pamphlets on Formosa, Japan and other topical issues, but pamphleteering can only be described as successful when you reach the 50,000 mark of the pre-war Left Book Club or at least the 30,000 circulation that was obtained for the pamphlets of the *Keep Left* group.

* * *

Last Sunday afternoon two small seven-year-olds, a boy and a girl, decided, very sensibly, to bathe in the fountains of Trafalgar Square. Happily and uninhibited, they undressed near a bench occupied by three grown-ups, whose faces expressed: "This has nothing to do with us." Once undressed, the children dashed joyously to the fountains, bathed in the spray with shrieks of delight, jumped on to the side of the basin and dangled their toes in the blue water; then, still laughing, they rushed back to the bench, dried themselves with their underclothes, and then dashed back again to the water.

They were still having a wonderful time—and so were the passers-by—when the Law descended. It was a smiling young policeman who came ambling round the Square and walked across to the children. A friend who was near by did not hear what the policeman said, but he helped the boy to adjust his braces, and then fastened the buttons of the girl's dress. "Got children of his own, I daresay," said a bystander. The children walked away, rather crestfallen, towards the main road. Turning suddenly, they saw the policeman following them. Instead of running away, they came back towards him, and he, taking a hand in each of his, guided them safely across the traffic. A more eloquent plea for a children's Lido could hardly be made; nor will anyone ever frighten those two little ones with the nursery warning: "I'll tell a policeman."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

—, 28-year-old domestic servant, threw a brick through a window in Broadcasting House, and told the police: "I felt the BBC wanted livening up a bit. We have been having some lousy programmes lately."—*Daily Mail*. (H. B. P. Owen.)

At Church Fenton (R.A.F. Station), Yorkshire, children will have a specially staffed "pram park" where they can watch model aircraft dropping dummy bombs on a miniature range.—*Daily Herald*. (W. L. Dalton.)

Because he felt irritable after being bitten by a dog —, 43, of Portobello, Staffordshire, took a running kick at the back of a policeman he saw in Victoria Square, Wolverhampton.—*Daily Mail*. (R. M. Thackray.)

During the last few years Miss Paxton has acted as a spiritual guide to a well-known M.P. "I go into a trance and compose his speeches for him," she explained.—*Brighton & Hove Gazette*. (A. L. Beales.)

Mr. J. T. Clarke (secretary of Essex County Football Association), speaking of women's soccer, said: "Besides, if this is allowed to grow we might have refined girls from places like Maldon having to meet teams from other districts—a very unsuitable state of affairs."—*Daily Mirror*. (G. Watson.)

Because of the increasing number of attacks on publicans in Norfolk, the county licensed victuallers' association is insuring its 500 members against assault by customers.—*News Chronicle*. (Julian M. Deamer.)

So They Say . . .

WHETHER or not the nation was aghast at the Great Red Plot against it, there is no doubt that it *ought* to have been, judging from the press campaign that followed Mr. Isaacs's announcement last Friday. As it happened, the previous day the *Daily Herald* had foretold a plot by "Communists and their stooges . . . to cripple recovery this side of the Iron Curtain," and on the day Mr. Isaacs spoke the *Daily Express* had discovered that the Communists were behind the bus strike in London. (Other papers that day were more concerned elsewhere—*vide Daily Mail*: "There will be glad hearts in the Kremlin this day, for Mr. Attlee has decided to rush the nationalisation of iron and steel.")

By Saturday, however, the whole vast intrigue had been uncovered. TWENTY MEN PLOT TO WRECK BRITAIN proclaimed the main headline in the *Daily Mirror*, while the *Daily Herald* more modestly revealed that "the Secret Eight" were responsible. Editorially, the *Herald* warned that "there will be Tories and employers . . . who will be only too ready to regard any sign of discontent as the result of Communist propaganda and Communist intrigue." Sure enough, the *Daily Graphic* began sweepingly: "Anyone who goes on strike now will do so knowing that he is helping traitors. He will range himself with the enemies of Britain. . . "

A number of papers (including the *Daily Express*) reported a demonstration by busmen outside the *Express* office, while the *Daily Worker* aligned itself fleetingly with the *Daily Graphic* (NAME THE TRAITORS!) and urged: "Be a man, Isaacs! Come out from behind your cowardly innuendo. . . ." And while the *Evening News* insisted that the Government "need not be afraid to act drastically . . . they will command the support of the vast majority of the people," the *News Chronicle* pointed out that "powers which would interfere with the right to strike . . . would arouse opposition not only in Labour's own ranks but in much wider circles."

The Sunday papers naturally spread themselves on the subject of Mr. Deakin's call for

legislation to ban the C.P. altogether, while *The People* claimed that it had NEW REVELATIONS IN GREAT RED PLOT. As "fresh evidence . . . of Communist moves to disrupt industry and essential services throughout the Empire," it quoted the dock strikes in Australia and New Zealand. "There is no evidence that the strike is Communist inspired," cabled the *Observer's* correspondent in Sydney. "The Communists do not want a major strike while the fate of the Government Bill to outlaw the Communist Party is not finally decided. . . ."

By this time, however, editorials were beginning to blame others besides the "Secret Eight" (or was it twenty?). The *Sunday Express* even stated that "the main responsibility lies on the shoulders of Mr. Arthur Deakin, head of the bloated Transport and General Workers' Union." (No connection, of course, with Harry Pollitt's demand for "drastic changes" in T. & G.W.U. leadership —which the *Daily Mail* had headlined SABOTAGE MEN START ON DEAKIN.) The Kemsley papers attacked the Government as well; the *Sunday Graphic*, for example, demanded how much longer the Government would "allow" the Communists to carry on "their vicious plots."

Only three papers, in fact, did not go overboard with Mr. Isaacs. The *News Chronicle* on Saturday considered his charges "more general than was altogether wise," and pointed out that "brimstone in the air sets people smelling witches everywhere." The *Manchester Guardian* rebuked Mr. Isaacs for being "too much given to vague warnings," and the *Sunday Pictorial*, too, warned its readers not to "look under the bed for a Red."

AUTOLYCUS

Picture Post and the B.M.J.

ONE of the most courageous and debatable journalistic ventures of our times was the *Picture Post* investigation of the Rees Evans treatment of cancer. It was courageous because it was using its mass circulation as a picture-paper to discuss and illustrate a subject of which most editors fight shy, and because, as far as circulation-boosting is concerned, it was not the sort of thing one would want the children to see, or leave around in dentists' waiting-rooms or in the coiffeurs' cubicles. Tom Hopkinson, the editor, was showing courage also because he must have known that it would draw upon him the kind of virulent attack which the British Medical Journal made last week. That was perhaps less worrying because the ordinary Briton sides with the fox against the hunt, and with the unorthodox against orthodoxy. But is orthodoxy, especially in the case of cancer, necessarily in the wrong?

Here is a disease which causes unspeakable anguish and which is not *a* disease but *different* diseases, with the common factor of abnormal growth. In spite of the millions of pounds and the effort of medical research-workers who are at least as deeply concerned with suffering humanity as the "green-fingered" healer from Cardigan, the cancer-process is not fully understood. *Picture Post* spent thousands investigating the Rees Evans "cure" (which it, properly, does not so describe) which has been disputed —in spite of that other forthright editor, W. T. Stead—by doctors for nearly half-a-century. The investigation was carried out by the Presbyterian Hospital, Newark, New Jersey, to "obtain the tests Rees Evans had failed to get in Britain." Now, according to the B.M.J., the "Tumor Therapy Committee" of the hospital, has disputed the interpretation of the results and "disavows all unproven claims." To this *Picture Post* no doubt has an answer.

Picture Post genuinely believes that it is doing a public service in trying to force a Government investigation, even though Mr. Rees Evans has previously refused to disclose the nature of this herbal treatment to the Ministry of Health Cancer Committee (1923) or the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (1950) or, presumably, to the *Picture Post*. *Picture Post's* defence is that Mr. Rees Evans will not disclose his secret remedy unless the doctors will also investigate his (unorthodox) method.

There is, however, the wider issue. The editor has explained to his readers the soul-searching he and his colleagues underwent before deciding to publish. He is not unique. Every editor, if he has a conscience, has to decide whether a claim, which will raise the hopes of millions but is inaccessible to millions, ought to be published. British editors usually decide against. And it is not cowardice.

In the case of cancer, British and American attitudes are diametrically opposed. All doctors know that if they can get cancer cases early (before "seeding" spreads through the body) there is hope of cure. The British attitude has been that sensational discussion of cancer frightens patients away from doctors. The American practice, backed by advertising campaigns, has been to try to frighten people into going to the doctor. The effect of the *Picture Post* discussion and of pictures hitherto confined to medical text-books is less likely to send them to their g.p. than to Rees Evans, the one-man healer, who cannot undertake any more cases.

RITCHIE CALDER

EHEU FUGACES!

How often I've read
sad tales in the News
of the World about bed
sitting-rooms in a mews
in Mayfair and Blooms-
bury, flowery places,
where brides and their grooms
enjoyed tragic embraces.

Gas ovens galore
and curates degraded—
the crimes only bore
and the hemlock is faded,
the torsos in trunks
look shabby and shoddy;
Korea debunks
the Romance of a Body,
the beds of the 'thirt-
ies, the thighs and the thews;
and iron are the curt-
ains that hang in the mews.

O when will a crim-
inal ever again
in love, for a whim,
give pleasure in pain?

R. R.

The Moïs

THE Moïs, a handsome Malayo-Polynesian people inhabiting the central plateaux of Annam, are celebrated among ethnologists for their unique race-memory, as evidenced by the description in their sagas of the mammoth and the megatherium. To the casual visitor to their country, however, they are more remarkable for their amiable practice of ritual drunkenness. The consumption of rice alcohol is essential to the propitiation of numerous demons; therefore the good life is one spent in respectable intoxication, offering as its reward a happy death from disease or old age, and a comfortable after-life somewhere in the bowels of the earth. *Per contra*, the social outcast, who in neglect of the rites tends to lapse into a state of disreputable sobriety, will probably break his neck in an accident and spend the hereafter miserably wandering in the heavens. A Moï village is said to be one of the few places in the world where domestic animals, gorged on fermented rice-mash, are to be seen reeling about, as tipsy as their owners. The words *nam lu*, uttered in grave welcome to the stranger, and meaning "let us get drunk together," have all the exhortatory fervour of an invitation to common prayer. Such a visitor, having showed himself able to stay the pace in the ensuing drinking bout, which may last twelve hours, will have won tribal respect by a demonstration of exceptional piety.

The survival of the fittest is very much a reality among the Moïs. Infant mortality before the age of five reaches 70 per cent., and only physically perfect infants are reared. The sick are indifferent to treatment, since the possibility of being carried off by a decent infection eliminates the risk of the greatly to be feared death by violence or accident. Pursuing this line of thought, lepers are regarded as having been born under a lucky star, as they do no work, are fed by the tribe and are certain of an exemplary end. For all this, the Moïs appear to lead cheerful existences, completely devoid of metaphysical complexity, since life's blessings are held to depend solely upon the performance of prescribed rites; while misfortunes—from the failure of the rice crop to the birth of twins—are the natural consequence of ritual inadequacy. As an example of the general principle involved, a crime is not attributed to the innate viciousness of its perpetrator, who is rather to be sympathised with as the involuntary instrument of a spirit offended by his victim. When brought to justice, the guilty person is likely to be condemned to provide a sacrifice in conciliation of the spirit in question, and both the parties involved participate in a ritual guzzle.

The fecklessness of Moï existence has always charmed the French—especially by contrast with the dangerous industry and sullen political consciousness of their Vietnamese neighbours —and it is with alarm that the authorities have awakened to the realisation that the race is on the point of disappearing. This has provoked a belated flurry of activity in an attempt to find some method of checking the process, and I recently had the opportunity of ac-

companying a young official, engaged on such a project, to the village chosen for his experiments. The village had been selected for its remoteness, and therefore relative isolation from European degenerative influences, and also because the chief was a man of unusual intelligence and ability. He turned out to be an impressive figure, with the face of a Renaissance cardinal, dressed in a splendidly ornamented jacket and loincloth, and carrying under his arm a Japanese military diploma and a version in English of the Gospel of St. Mark, which he greatly prized as a fetish. The chief's name was Prak, meaning money. He was the only rich man within several days' march—possessing five elephants, three wives and innumerable sacred jars and gongs. This affluence was accepted as evidence of the utter correctness of his religious observances. Under supernatural compulsion he had committed two murders, but these had been atoned for by the most lavish ceremonies.

Prak and his retinue of notables welcomed us with offerings of rice, eggs and tobacco, and ushered us into the common room of the *case*, a fine example of a Moi long house, about sixty yards in length, elegantly made of plaited bamboo and raised from the ground on posts. Before business could be discussed there were indispensable forms to be observed. The gong orchestra began its deafening rhythm. The sacred jars were lined up, bamboo tubes thrust into their necks, and the guests invited to take up their positions on the drinking stools. The tutelary spirits' protection for the newcomers was invoked by incantations and the sacrifice of a white hen, and the drinking got under way. For the success of the ceremony it is essential for each guest to drink the measure of three cow-horns of spirit. There is no evading this obligation: one starts with a full jar and, as one draws up the liquor through the bamboo tube, the level is constantly restored by an extremely watchful attendant. As it is only after these preliminaries that the Mois may join in, it will be seen that, in negotiating with them, outsiders are placed at a disadvantage.

After about an hour of this the administrator—having made no more than the barest concession to the usages—asked for the palaver to begin. On previous visits, after lecturing the tribe on their precarious position (since their submission 20 years previously the number of adult males had declined from 84 to 40), he had got them to agree to starting a kitchen garden, in the hope of a marketable surplus of produce, from the sale of which medicine and mosquito nets could be bought. The scheme was well under way, and on this occasion he proposed to explain the necessity for a sick-bay. Once again he rubbed in the familiar argument. "The spirits are angry with you. You are unworthy of your ancestors. If you go on in this way you will be gone in 20 years and the Annamites will be living in your land, as they live in the land once occupied by your people at Dalat." The thrust about the Vietnamese went home. Prak and the notables roared with indignation at such an idea. It was unanimously decided to build the sick-bay. The whole village would set to work and finish it in three days. In order to keep on the right side of the spirits, Prak added, brightening noticeably, they would inaugurate it with an unprecedented sacrifice of 27 jars. "They can't afford this kind of thing," the administrator said, shaking his head sadly. "It means more valuable food supplies turned into liquor." But optimism, assisted perhaps by rice-spirit, soon returned. "After all," he said, "first things first. Build up their health and numbers, and then we can start worrying about educating them out of their superstitions. The main thing is to create one model village."

We were leaving the village when the interpreter who had been used in the palaver asked the administrator something which evidently embarrassed him. It seemed that he was inquiring for two villagers who had gone to work on a plantation, and had not returned. The administrator was afraid that they had died of malaria. Had not the families been informed? The interpreter said, yes, but that they wanted to be quite sure, as it meant holding the special ceremonies for those who die in a far country, which were very expensive and took two years to complete. The administrator groaned. "There go the quinine and the mosquito nets. In the ordinary course of events a death uses up the village income for a month, so imagine what this will cost!"

But the interpreter had not finished. "Prak has sent five men to the plantations," he said. The administrator exploded, throwing up his arms in Gallic despair. "It's quite hopeless," he said. "I might as well give in. . . . You see what I'm fighting against. If the planters can't get the labour any other way, they bribe the chiefs. They even gave one chief a Jeep." He went on to explain that every Moi was obliged to work 50 days a year, either on the roads or in the plantations. Once the planters got him, he was usually tricked into signing a contract and found himself condemned to virtual slavery, which, after the happy-go-lucky tribal life, soon broke his heart. "They have to put their thumb-mark on a paper for everything issued to them, including their tools," the administrator said, "so nothing is easier than to slip in a contract worded in any way the planter likes."

I asked if it were not possible to investigate all cases where men failed to return after completing their 50 days. The administrator shook his head. "I've gone as far as I can go," he said. "I used to insist on all contracts being signed in my presence, but the planters soon found out that I had no legal justification. If an administrator makes too much trouble for them they put on the pressure at Saigon to have him removed, so that the most that any of us can do is to hamper them in small ways. There's another aspect of the situation," he said. "We are supposed to drill into these people how much better off they are with us than they would be with the Viet-Minh. We have to tell them that the Annamites would wipe them out if they ever came here. But what happens in practice? Why, the Viets leave them strictly alone. If they take any food from the villages, they pay for it. As for us—well, you see how it goes. The Viet-Minh can safely leave us to do their propaganda for them." NORMAN LEWIS

The Sinews of War and Peace

Whatever the turn of events in the next few years, one thing is certain—that the economic strength of this country in war or peace depends upon the application of brains to industry. That's just another way of saying that technical education has leapt right up to the top of the priority list.

The Government has realised this. The economy cuts which have fallen so heavily upon education generally have not so much affected the technical side of education. This does not mean that in the various technical and technological institutes everything goes merrily as a marriage bell. Far from it. Every technical college in the country has its own peculiar problems and besides the technical world is divided on important matters of general policy.

It is because of these things that the current issue of FURTHER EDUCATION is a Special Issue devoted to Technical Education.

An editorial article surveys recent discussion on the future development of technological education and brings together concisely and clearly the main proposals that have been put forward by official bodies and distinguished individuals.

Sir Arthur Smout contributes a survey of "Technical Education in Switzerland" which is not only highly informative but full of suggestions as to how we in this country might profit from the example of Switzerland.

Do we lag behind other countries in technical education? Professor Willis Jackson touches upon this question in an article on higher education for Electrical Engineers.

There follow three articles by technical college Principals. The first of these gives an account of the planning and building of the big new Technical College at Hatfield, an article exciting because of the possibilities it opens up. The next is an informative article by one of the principals of the smaller technical colleges containing many suggestions as to how the efficiency of the smaller technical college may be increased. The third is a detailed account of the work of a large technical college in one of the older university towns.

There are two other articles which have not specifically to do with Technical Education but which are certain to arouse discussion wherever they are read. The first is almost sensational in its exposure of the kind of English written by youths who have gained credits in the School Certificate, and the other, by H. W. Heckstall-Smith, is one of the most thought-provoking statements of a practical philosophy of education it has ever been our good fortune to read.

Reports of progress from specific areas, book reviews, and gramophone notes complete an issue that is both timely and important.

FURTHER EDUCATION

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The Arts and Entertainment

GLI ITALIANI IN LONDRA

THE long-awaited invasion ("Operation Scala," as it might be called in another sphere) has been completely successful. Some 500 Italians (ranging from *prima donna* to *ultimo* grubby *ragazzo*) and an incalculable tonnage of scenery have been transported to Bow Street with flawless logistics; the productions have unrolled themselves smoothly on the unfamiliar stage; the lighting has behaved with rare and exemplary calm; and we ourselves, the once "apathetic" English public, have played up well, packing the theatre from floor to ceiling and applauding everything with impartial zeal.

Regrettably, the B.B.C. have failed to arrange a single operatic broadcast, so that the wider public have had no chance to decide for themselves about the Scala legend. Have this *Otello* and this *Elisir d'Amore*, as my colleagues suggest, set a standard of performance which we should cherish for the rest of our lives? The brief answer is—yes and no: orchestrally, yes; vocally, no. Without delving into antiquity, we need go back only to 1937, when *Otello* was last given at Covent Garden, to find three principals (Martinelli, Norena, Tibbett) manifestly superior to the present cast. But about the Scala Orchestra and the general ensemble there can be no two opinions. I have never heard Verdi's marvellous score realised with such rhythmic vitality, precision and sheer brilliance of tone. In the first bar of the opera, Victor de Sabata sent an electric charge running through the house, and this initial impulse he never subsequently lost. The strings were by turns fiery or ravishingly sweet; the wood-wind delicate, firm and always in tune; the brass massive without coarseness; while from the entire orchestra there came, at his demand, *sforzandi* like the crack of doom.

The chorus, especially in the storm scene, was less impressive than might have been expected. The best of the principals—and reputedly the best Otello in the world (for there is a perpetual shortage of this species, as of its Wagnerian counterpart)—was the Chilean tenor, Ramon Vinay. It is easy to understand how he has come by this reputation. He has a splendid presence, and enough dramatic power to hold us enthralled and convinced at every stage of the journey, from the heroic tenderness of the opening, through the furious storms of the middle acts, to the terrible still pathos of the end. Signor Vinay has all this and something more—for he sings musically, and in tune; what he lacks is the "Otello voice," which is more a question of timbre than of sheer lung-power. I once questioned Emma Eames, who often sang Desdemona with the original Otello, Tamagno, about the timbre of his voice; and she replied "it was as though there were a silver trumpet in his throat." Signor Vinay, who began as a baritone, has a thick voice of fair power and quality; but his upper octave is almost devoid of ring or vibrancy, and he does not compensate for the absence of these trumpet tones by any marked energy or brilliance in his declamation of the text. Consequently his first entrance goes for nothing, and such outbursts as the farewell to arms in the second act are comparatively ineffective; elsewhere, his elevated style and noble bearing make a profound, though never quite a thrilling impression.

The Iago of Gino Bechi was a disappointment. He was perhaps in poor voice, and sang frequently out of tune, or in a *quasi parlando* style which did scant justice to some of Verdi's finest strokes; and he chose to present the hard-bitten "ancient" as a trivial joker whom no sensible man would trust an inch. From Renata Tebaldi, the Desdemona, I derived much pleasure, but had expected more. Her *mezza voce* is exquisite, and she possesses a dark lower octave of beautiful quality, which she used to great purpose in the quartet; this was her best scene, and she also knew how to dominate the great ensemble of the third act with splendid soaring curves. Her first and last acts were less satisfactory. Under pressure the rich voice tends to harden into shrillness; and in the Willow Song she unforgivably sacrificed the divine simplicity and innocence of the music in favour of a commonplace *molto espressivo* manner (seeing Joan Cross in the audience, I remembered how exquisite, in this scene, was *her* performance!). The purest singing came from the Cassio of Mariano Caruso, who projected every note and word comfortably into the middle of the house, and thus proved that it is not mere volume, but clarity, which tells. The sets, by Nicola Benois, were imposing, though strangely indifferent to period; the production old-fashioned in the good as well as the bad sense of that word.

Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*, now quite unfamiliar to London, is a country cousin of *Don Pasquale*, inferior to that masterpiece in sheer musical invention, and yet compensating by a certain sweetness and good nature and jollity of its own, which springs straight from the heart of Italian village life. The most unexpected joys of the evening were the very pretty scenery of Gianni Ratto and the delicious fooling of Signor Tagliavini as the love-lorn Nemorino. There was a touch of early Buster Keaton about this lovable, dumpy little fellow, with his round hat, his shyness, and his deplorable access of high spirits after drinking the supposed elixir of love. His soft singing was carefully phrased and delightful in quality, but his full voice has grown rather hard. As the quack doctor, Itálo Tajo had some amusing moments, but his singing was uncomfortable, and his rapid patter largely inaudible. Tito Gobbi presented a notable study in fatuous military self-satisfaction; and Margherita Carosio sang, acted, and even danced the capricious Adina with enchanting vivacity and grace. The small scene of Gianetta (Silvana Zanolli) with the female chorus was musically and dramatically perhaps the best thing of the whole evening. In sum, it was a delightful performance of a delightful opera—lacking, however, in one thing, and that the most important of all. What has happened to these Italian voices? Where is their bloom and freshness, their roundness and ripeness and beauty of tone? *Dove sono i bei momenti di dolcezza e di piacer?* Have open-air performances in Roman baths, and continual racketing around the world in aeroplanes, destroyed the very basis of *bel canto*?

* * *

Since writing the above, I have heard the first of the London performances of Verdi's *Requiem*, conducted by Signor de Sabata. Since Toscanini was last here, a more vivid and dramatic presentation of this supreme masterpiece has not been heard. (By the way, could English criticism now finally drop that boring old point about the "sincerity" of this "operatic" and "theatrical" music? Such anxieties, natural enough in the Mendelssohnian atmosphere of nineteenth-century England, have an absurdly provincial sound in 1950.) The chorus has many splendid moments (such as their rhythm at *Quantus tremor est futurus*) and some lapses; but one cannot fairly judge the merit of their contribution, since, from an unavoidably cramped position at the back of the Covent Garden stage, their tone was swamped by the torrential orchestra (a river of molten metal in the *Dies Irae*) and even by the soloists. Of the latter, only Renata Tebaldi had previously been heard in the operas; and, throughout her exacting part in the Requiem, her singing was so fine that I can easily believe the great improvement reported in her second and third performances as Desdemona. She rode the storm magnificently, and in the *Recordare* and *Agnus Dei* achieved a particularly beautiful blending of tone with the contralto, Fedora Barbieri. The latter possesses a majestic voice, besides the now rare virtue of classical repose. Giacinto Prandelli sang the tenor music with clear tone and good taste. Cesare Siepi would be twice the considerable singer he now is if he could enunciate his words and focus the tone of his powerful bass with greater definition. As a whole, however, the solo quartet worthily upheld the traditions of Italian singing; and this Requiem was an experience which London will not quickly forget.

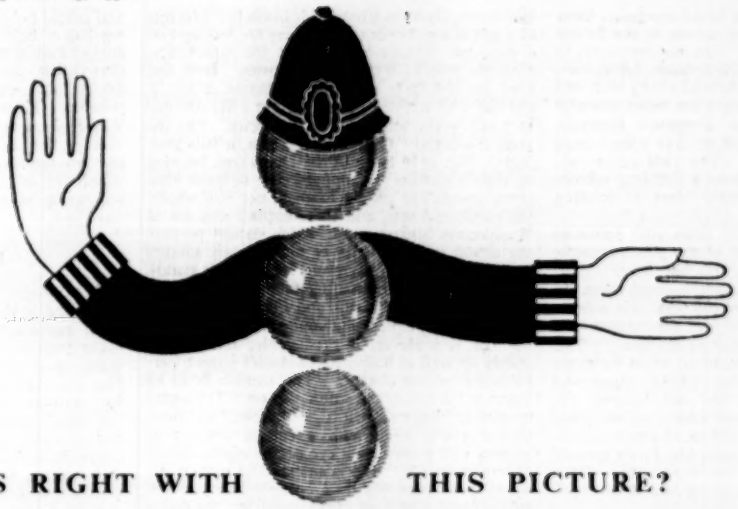
DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

OLD HANDS

LAST week it was the turn for new plays by the old hands, Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, Mr. Emlyn Williams and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Vernon Sylvaine is the Donald McGill of the middle classes. He doesn't much vary his theme, which, as in the seaside picture postcards, is essentially the humour of the backside; but the fun consists in the ingenuity of the variations he can play on it, and his new piece *Will any Gentleman?* at the Strand, is continuously ingenious. Mr. Robertson Hare, the perennial Little Man, playing truant from a rotarian dinner, visits a music hall, goes up on the stage for a mesmerist, becomes a posthypnotic subject, and wakes up the next morning in such a dashing humour that he can't resist nipping the maid as she stoops to pick up his newspaper. Such a thing has never happened in Acacia Avenue before. But worse is to follow. He shaves off his moustache! His new mood alternates with his customary respectability and the fun mounts. In a lucid moment he sends for his brother, a suburban rake, to draw on his experience, and this turns out to be Arthur Riscoe. It is only a pity that he hasn't got a better part and has to rely too entirely on his own antics, amusing as they are. Indeed the whole piece needs a bit of cutting and speeding up; but with Mr. Charles Groves as a doddering old doctor, with a sinister hypnotist, several eminently pinchable young ladies and a double personality for Mr. Hare, a good time is had by all.

The double personality is also Mr. Emlyn Williams's theme in his new play *Accolade* at the Aldwych, but where Vernon Sylvaine uses it for the broadest and best natured of humour, Mr. Williams uses it for the cheapest and vulgarest of sensational effects. A world-famous novelist (a book of his with the title *Agnes in the Deep Meadow* has won for him the Nobel prize for literature) is a Jekyll and Hyde. One of his Rotherhithe orgies throws up a hideous backwash which threatens to drown the respectability he has built up with a wife and son in a sea of mud. Mr. Emlyn Williams gives the old story a promising twist at the start by making his novelist stand by and defend the orgiastic side of his own nature; and, in spite of the hopeless failure to realise in the writing or the acting the Great Man he has posited, one thinks for a moment that something interesting may develop. But no. The author is not here much interested in life, in human beings, in character, in motive, nor indeed in truth at any level: he is not even interested in his story, for he fudges together an insufficiently motivated change of heart and allows us to assume that this will somehow cancel out the squalid police-court case that is impending at the end of the play. He is interested exclusively in "theatre," in the big scene and the momentarily effective line. He is in this play the crudest of tabloid sensationalists, manipulating in his audience the easiest of emotional responses. Mr. Emlyn Williams has always been an expert entertainer. And he has certainly not lost any of his ability, if one may judge by the acclaim of the audience. For my part it was one of the nastiest evenings I have spent at the theatre for a long time. Not because the theme is a nasty one in itself; on the contrary, just because it is a theme which needed treating seriously and with some æsthetic tact.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Far-Fetched Fables* are small, light, late evening sketches, more suitable perhaps for after-dinner charades than even the gay-hearted little theatre production Mr. Esmé Percy has given them at the Watergate (Buckingham Street, W.C.2, theatre membership 5s.). In the first four of them Mr. Shaw runs his fingers



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TI THE SURNAME OF A THOUSAND THINGS

reminiscently up and down some arpeggios from *Back to Methuselah*, playing us out to the future beyond the Greater Wars. The last two seem to sound what might have been fresh harmonies. In the first of these, two sceptical young men and a hermaphrodite of the future are being scornful about that absurdity, The Twentieth Century, when a questioning, defending note comes from the female figure behind. The defence is continued in the last fable where a diffident schoolmistress conducts an unruly class of scoffing adolescents.

It must be admitted that there isn't much to be got out of the first half of the piece, anyhow for those already familiar with late Shaw. Mr. Esmé Percy does what he can to liven them up with an amusing mode of production. He accepts the smallness of his theatre, and aims rather at a studied informality than a "production." The actors are on the stage making up when we come in, and, climbing into the wittily improvised costumes Mr. Felix Topolski had designed for them, move into the centre and act their little scene. The company is stiffened by two experienced Shavian actors, the droll Mr. Percy himself and the incomparable, inventive Miss Ellen Pollock.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"The Heiress," at the Plaza

"Seven Days to Noon," at the Leicester Square Theatre

THE two main films of the week are high-class jobs made by men with talent and reputation. It would be difficult to say which is the more disappointing. Both are worth seeing, and together they give an interesting insight into what stops a promising subject from being a success. Henry James's fine story is now presented at second remove, on the screen. The theatre version softened the relationship between Dr. Sloper and his wretched daughter, and added a trick finale; but it remained absorbing, this insoluble dilemma of a girl whose hopes of happiness are founded on a plausible fortune-hunter, and the father who stops the match for the wrong reasons. Book and play put the facts squarely; Catherine is left at the end with nothing before her but a life devoted to good works and painful memories. On the stage it worked. On the screen, alas, it fails glaringly. Not only because the characters, backing up their crinolines and toppers, elect to speak what often sounds like pidgin English; nor is it wholly the cardboard sets, and the complete absence of Washington Square itself, which should pervade the action with its sense of middle-class solidity and the inflexible conventions for which it stands. Even the acting cannot altogether account for it: Olivia de Havilland is cold and a little faded where she should be helpless and young and unattractive, but she is a clever, if predictable, actress who stands up well to Ralph Richardson's superb performance of the doctor. The trouble is to be found in the role of the suitor. Morris Townsend is another Henry Crawford, a likeable, handsome, amoral young man with a certain amount of honesty and a very clear eye on the main chance. Montgomery Clift, who is an excellent naturalistic actor, could probably have brought this out well enough with a little encouragement, but the director, William Wyler, rather patently lost his nerve: so the first half of the film becomes an account of the struggle by neglected little Catherine and her poor but honest sweetheart to gain the approval of a tyrannical father with his fingers on the money-bags. Which is nonsense. The early "love scenes" (*sic*) are played in a vein of something approaching high farce, with the only funny lines unintentional; and though things pick up later, the central situation never recovers from this mishandling.

Seven Days to Noon, the Boulting Brothers' latest film, has been well received. It is not difficult to see why. The story (a top atom scientist makes off with an atomic bomb, and writes to the Prime Minister threatening to destroy London unless he publicly announces Britain's decision to make no more of these weapons) is topical enough in all conscience, and, one assumes, not utterly fantastic. The film moves steadily through the seven days to the deadline at noon on Sunday with an inevitable and satisfactory rhythm. Barry Jones, the scientist, and Olive Sloane, the middle-aged baggage he forces into helping him, are both new to the cinema and both admirable; for that matter, the casting in the main is unorthodox, with people like Joan Hickson and Geoffrey Keen bringing a welcome touch of expertness into the ranks of supporting players. The film is largely shot on location in London, and gains accordingly. Writing is slick, direction accomplished, camera-work good: all the ingredients for a first-class thriller. Yet I found it in sum mediocre, and for the same reason as applied to *The Heiress*: a working against the grain of the story, with all the waste and slackening that that must involve.

A minor trouble is suggested in the title. There is never any real tension in the film, because the audience knows perfectly well that London is not going to be blown up. In spite of the security measures, in spite of the evacuation of London, we know they will catch him all right; and the chances are a hundred to one that it will be just before noon on Sunday. But why are we so certain? That is the core of the film's weakness. We are certain because the scientist is shown from the beginning as unbalanced, a religious maniac who spends much of his time muttering "Babylon the great city" in dingy lodgings. He doesn't really know what it is he means to do; he is simply dotty. Therefore, the subject is not being taken seriously (how if he were not dotty?). Therefore all will end well. But the atom bomb insists on being taken seriously, and plenty of people will feel that there is a great deal more to be said for Professor Willingdon's point of view than is contained in one desultory conversation with a distracted tart. Willingdon is wrong. Blowing up London would help nobody. Still, one sees his point a whole lot better than the producers will allow for; and what one wants is not comic soldiers and comic policemen and all the rest of the stale rag-bag of British screen humour, but someone to answer him, to prove to him and to us that ruthless destruction cannot be averted by cautionary destruction. As in the other picture, balance is missing. Though both *Seven Days to Noon* and *The Heiress* are, Heaven knows, well above the average, they both disown the situations on which they are founded; and works, of whatever quality, which fob off their audiences like that can only end up by failing to impress.

F. HOLLAND

COMEDY

The British Film Institute is presenting in London this autumn a series of film programmes on the evolution and anatomy of screen comedy. Critical essays will be contributed by John Grierson, Simon Harcourt-Smith, Ivor Montagu and others, and the films and extracts to be shown will include the work of Linder, Sennett, Keaton, Chaplin, Benchley, Fields, Hay, Raimu, Clair, Fernandel, Capra, Lubitsch, Sturges, Massingham, and the Marx Brothers. Details of these programmes and other benefits of membership can be obtained from:

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RADIO NOTES

LISTENING without a *Radio Times* makes embarrassing work for the critic. The path of duty, sown with the prestige subject, the prestige name—the path of pleasure, of the private choice—these are no longer to be traced. Talk. Recital. Play . . . one paper announces starkly. Do we wish to know who does it or what is done? In "Recital," at least, I find that I am more concerned about what is performed than who performs it. "Talk" in a way offers the same dichotomy. Will it be X, the seasoned broadcaster, who has been casting around for a subject, or Y, the expert with his specialist theme? This week, at any rate, I preferred the energy of the second. "Talk," in one happy instance, turned out to be *New Light on Omar Khayyam* by A. J. Arberry, who showed how Fitzgerald's romanticism transformed the pungent Eastern original, in which each verse was a separate epigram. While much of this might have been served as well on the printed page, only a speaker could have conveyed, as Mr. Arberry did, the sound of the old Persian stanzas. Why, here was the Fitzgerald metre, and the Fitzgerald rhyme.

It was a persuasive week for spoken verse. *The Poet's Art*, Clifford Dyment's programme of four long poems by contemporary writers on "literary themes," convinced me of two things: that poets on poets have a less objectionable subject than novelists on novelists; and, secondly, that most verse of our time, which gives me, with its speech rhythms, little visual pleasure, should be heard and not read. The effect of Vernon Watkins's *Yeats in Dublin*, with W. R. Rodgers as the voice of the old poet, was remarkable. New to me was F. T. Prince's rich, Swiftian *Epistle to a Patron* which followed the *Yeats* hardly less impressively.

There was verse, too, on the grand, or grandest scale. *Antony and Cleopatra*, in an admirable production by Frank Hauser, dispelled at once a slight occasional personal resistance to Shakespeare on the air. It is true that this tremendous, untidy play is particularly apt for radio, which can deal in its own way with the spate of quick, shifting scenes and the descriptions that must beggar any theatrical realisation. Explanatory passages between the acts came—a good idea—from North's Plutarch. I can't in retrospect remember much in the way of "effects"; I do remember the voices (and words) that made outside atmosphere unnecessary. The words we know; the voices chiefly belonged to Pamela Brown and Godfrey Tearle.

I listened to another play, *Hattie Stowe*, in Saturday Night Theatre. Its story, of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's share in bringing about the Civil War, is a strong one, and there were two first-rate scenes—one with Palmerston, the other with Lincoln, who is always good theatre. Palmerston (Kynaston Reeves) stood out in this play. But it was a curiously unsophisticated production. Not only was "narrator" there to help, but the job was tossed from character to character. An American accent, which would for once have been in place on the radio, rested but fitfully on the lips of the chief lady. And the assembly at the Duchess of Sutherland's irresistibly suggested that evening reception created—was it for Wordsworth in 1832?—by the authors of *How*. But perhaps this cannot be helped.

Woman's Hour, I see, has come back from its long holiday, with not a jot of difference in its features to show for it. I do not say this re-

proachfully. The current "serial," by the way, is *Villette* (excellently read by Patience Collier); those careful, intense, literal sentences, the hard observation, the dark, Brontean undercurrents make it impelling listening. I can hardly wait to learn what happens next. NAOMI LEWIS

Rembrandt's "Family Group" at the National Gallery

An emotional experience awaits the visitor to the National Gallery where Rembrandt's *Family Group* from the Herzog Anton Ulrich Museum, Brunswick, is on view for a month. Recently it formed the *pièce de résistance* in a beautiful Rembrandt Exhibition held in the National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, of about thirty pictures from every phase in his ardent, varied life. However wide may have been the range of his perceptions, however bewildering his changes of mood and approach, in this show it was generally possible to relate each work to some known aspect of his personality or to some known artistic movement in Holland in the seventeenth century. But the Brunswick *Family Group* steps straight outside time. It hints at power that no one could have believed even Rembrandt possessed. It invites comparison only with the peaks in the mountain range of art. Like Titian's Mond *Madonna*, like Tintoretto's two altarpieces in San Giorgio, like the aged Cézanne's vision of the Montagne Ste Victoire, it is the work of an old man who has come to perceive objects with the eyes of a child. It was painted in the very last years, perhaps the last months, of Rembrandt's life, and represents the final liberation of his spirit from all bonds of time and place. No doubt its peculiar fascination consists in its disregard for all rules, so painfully acquired, of draughtsmanship, composition and the matching of colours, which makes it as modern as Matisse, Kokoschka or Van Gogh, although it would kill almost any modern picture placed beside it. B. N.

Children's Art, at the Royal Institute Galleries

This year's *Sunday Pictorial*'s exhibition plainly shows that the new methods of art education which aim to supply the child with the right materials and (without appearing to do so) to make sure that there is some kind of purpose behind the paint splashing, have succeeded remarkably. They do little, however, to solve the problem expressed by Moholy Nagy, when he wrote "One of the problems of education is to keep alive in adults the child's sincerity of emotion, his truth of observation, his fantasy and creativeness." One doesn't, surely, wish to retain the child's outlook on these things intact into maturity, but it seems a pity that the little masters of six should become the little bores of twelve. There is some most competent work by the over twelves, but one is forced to judge it by grown-up standards—in spite of a large notice offering a warning against such a solecism. M. S.

Correspondence

ITALIAN TRUSTEESHIP

SIR,—A very serious situation is developing in Somaliland under Italian Trusteeship. Correspondence from British sources, from Somalis in Somaliland and from Somalis who have escaped to Ethiopia, reveals that so far from the promise against political discrimination given by Mr. Tarchiani at the United Nations on behalf of the Italian Government being honoured, a ruthless persecution of the members of the Somali Youth League who opposed Italian Trusteeship is under way. In the first 47 days after the British hand-over to the Italians more than 300 Somali Youth League members had been thrown into prison. All the senior Police Officers, Inspectors, Sergeants and others employed by the British have been dismissed or imprisoned, including Aden Abdi and Mohamed Abshir who were dismissed from police service in Mogadishu, and Farah Segulle who was serving as interpreter to the British Consul in Mogadishu when he was arrested. The trials are in secret, the Courts being closed to the public.

All the Somali Youth League Branches in the Upper Juba have been closed: Mohamud Abdi Nur (Guiggio), the Branch Secretary at Baidoa and all his Committee have been imprisoned: Mohamed Yussef, the Branch Secretary at Dolo and his Committee are also in Mogadishu Central Prison.

Methods similar to those of Fascism in Italy are now in full swing. Somali quislings, ex-soldiers who were induced to support the return of Italy on promise of pay for each of the years of Italy's absence from the territory, are being armed to attack the Somali Youth League who opposed Italian Trusteeship, just as the Fascist blackshirt squads were armed from the State arsenals of Italy to make war on the Trade Unions and Socialist organisations.

The Trusteeship Agreement directs that nationals of all members of the United Nations shall have the same liberty of trade, freedom of movement and so forth in the Trusteeship Territory as the Italians. Nevertheless passengers on British 'planes who stop at Mogadishu airport on their way to other territories are kept in a small waiting room and not allowed to enter the town. All applicants for admission to the airport are screened by the police and are rigidly prevented from communicating with the passengers thus interned.

The administration of the Colony is manned by "old Colonials," who served under Fascism, including Secretary General Gorini, who under Fascism was in the Government of Harar in Ethiopia; Dr. Gualtiero Bernardelli, the present Political Secretary in Somaliland, was Regional Commissioner in Somaliland; the present Regional Commissioner of Somaliland is Dr. Gabbarri, who was an official of the Fascist Government of Harar under Mussolini . . .

The Draft Trusteeship Agreement will shortly come before the General Assembly of the United Nations for ratification or rejection. It is obvious that the confidence in the "New Italy" displayed by the United Kingdom and other Governments last year has been misplaced. Is it not possible to induce the General Assembly to reverse the decision?

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

PERSECUTION IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—The broad features of South Africa's policy towards non-white people are now well known. But what may not yet be clear to readers abroad is the way in which Dr. Malan's Government has now begun to persecute Communists. Sixty-five people have already been officially "named" as members of the now defunct Communist Party of South Africa. Since Communist leaders in Britain and in the United States are rather a poor type, it should be known that in South Africa they have been a much superior type in intellect and character. Among those named, who are mostly white people born in South Africa, are an Afrikaner member of the Johannesburg Bar (whose father was a judge and whose grandfather was President of the Orange Free State in republican times); four other lawyers, one of whom is an M.P. who will now be expelled from Parliament; an architect; and several trade union officials.

The real objection to the responsible activities of such people in the past is not that they preached Communism, which does not make a great appeal to Africans, but that they preached racial equality, which does. It is becoming quite plain now that Liberalism and Communism are equated by this government. In a recent case in the Supreme Court the Minister of Justice gave as his reason for banning a Communist pamphlet entitled *The Malanazi Menace* that it stirred up ill-feeling against white people by telling Africans that they were the equal of the whites.

The "named" people are prohibited from playing any part at all in public life in future on pain of imprisonment up to ten years. The list of such people might well become a roll of honour. Before it is completed it will include not only Communists but all true Liberals who have spoken out in the past and who dare to continue to do so, as some of us certainly will.

The criticism of Dr. Malan in the British Press helps us, but we wish some impact could be made on the Foreign and Dominion Offices which continue their traditional policy of showing great tenderness towards South Africa's political susceptibilities—witness the Seretse Khama affair and the Protectorates question. Also, the persistence of racial discrimination in Rhodesia and East Africa makes it easier for South Africa to carry on as it does.

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WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

The Salvation Army

I dare not sign my name to this letter for fear of the consequences it might entail. If my own name is added to the roll of honour, it will not be for sending abroad the truth about my own country, but for speaking it at home. LIBERAL

Johannesburg.

CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—I would like to endorse the letter from Maldernians printed last week. There are, I believe, many of us on the reserve in the position of potential criminals. As suggested, I wrote to the appropriate Service department early this summer and received a reply. Part of this runs—re mobilisation and tribunals—"presumably you would be given every opportunity of stating your case. . . ." Surely there is no valid reason why we should not go before tribunals at once. The Services cannot want the trouble inseparable from the present procedure, and I for one do not want to go to gaol when I might be in an ambulance unit. Or at any other time for that matter. MICHAEL GRAHAM

23 Wilbury Villas,
Hove.

HIGHLANDS IN DECAY

SIR,—I imagine that every fair-minded reader with the added capacity of judging a situation disinterestedly must, whatever his political opinions, have been deeply impressed by Mr. Basil Davidson's weighty and eloquent plea on behalf of the Scottish crofter. I thought myself, as I read his articles, of the uneasy shade of Joseph Arch who not only founded the Agricultural Labourers' Union but manfully strove for the reinstatement of the dispossessed of "sweet Auburn," that symbolic village of the Enclosures. That Labour should place itself in the invidious position of abetting the absentee landlord, the landlord, too, who grasps at his sporting privileges at the expense of the "small man," is a paradox whose irony needs no emphasis. Mr. Davidson has defended with courage and first-hand knowledge a people which deserves well of any Government but particularly of one which has drawn much of its strength from its case against absentee landlordism. And I write as a supporter of the responsible and resident landlord. H. J. MASSINGHAM

Long Crendon, Bucks.

IRAN AND THE WEST

SIR,—Back from hospital, I have just been reading, with due interest, a correspondence from Mr. A. H. Hamzawi, Press Counsellor to the Persian Embassy, published in the issue September 2 of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION; together with your firm editorial reply made to the somehow naive arguments advanced by the Counsellor in his defence of the present regime of Iran and the government headed by Gen. Ali Razm-Ara. I should like, however, to beg your permission to take up two particular parts of his statement which, if left unanswered, will certainly mislead many of your readers who, thanks to the illuminating articles and notes recently published in NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, are just beginning to form a fair picture about conditions in Persia.

Mr. Hamzawi begins his statement by assuring your readers that any assertion supporting the belief that British and Americans were directly concerned in setting up the semi-military regime headed by Gen Razmara is groundless. The present Prime Minister, he tells us, was called upon, in accordance with Constitutional Law, to form a Government which, subsequently, received a decisive vote of confidence (95 out of 106) in the Iranian National Assembly. No argument, therefore, is valid if it happens to express some logical doubts regarding the constitutional status of the present government.

I feel it my duty to caution Mr. Hamzawi not to try to lay so much unnecessary weight on a vote of confidence cast by an assembly which, as he perfectly knows, came into being under conditions almost medieval. The infamous tactics employed by the present Prime Minister, then the Chief of General Staff, to elect, as far as possible, his own nominees to the so-called National Assembly, are still too alive in the memory of those Persians who have not gone politically blind. The last general election, which produced the present parliament, was held under some of the worst political conditions Persia has ever remembered. It took place in the complete absence from the political scene of the Tudeh Party, the most outstanding political organisation in Persia to-day.

Under a notorious pretext (the attempt on the Shah's life by a fanatic Moslem which had nothing to do with a party whose members are bitterly anti-terrorist) the present premier in his then military capacity set up an extraordinary court-martial functioning under his close supervision and, thus, issuing whatever verdict he desired. All leading members of the Tudeh Party, together with many other intellectuals of Teheran University who did not even belong to the Tudeh Party, received various sentences ranging from death to two years' imprisonment, and were completely excluded from the campaign just before the beginning of the last general election. Under a suppressed political condition such as this, no other outcome than the present puppet Majlis (speaking of its majority) could possibly be expected.

Another part of Mr. Hamzawi's statement is inaccurate and misleading in that it claims that "repression, social reaction, etc., is a fiction fostered by 'dissatisfied elements' who, in the name of democracy and freedom, abuse their liberty and right and will only be satisfied with the dictatorship of the few." I would invite Mr. Hamzawi's attention to the following quotation from a moving speech delivered some two years ago to the 15th Legislative Assembly by Persia's elder statesman, Mr. Hassan Taquizadeh (a former ambassador to London):—

> One must be completely blind not to see the striking fact that during the last fifteen years this country has been sharply divided into two distinct classes: the Commanding Class and the Condemned Class. The former, embracing an alarming number of government officials, army officers, and practically the whole body of the Persian gendarmerie, holds an almost religious belief in its so far unchallenged right to decide upon the fates and lives of millions of our unhappy compatriots, who certainly do not deserve their present lot. . . . The morale of the intelligentsia is in imminent danger of collapse, if not already collapsed. One must be too isolated from the world of realities to expect anything different. An undergraduate, for instance, while studying behind the venerable walls of university, is taught to value the sense of duty, honesty and integrity. But when he enters the world of realities, he finds out, to his great disappointment, that those with precisely opposite qualities are miles ahead of him on the way to success.
>
> And there comes, inevitably, a moment in their careers when they are called upon, by the pressure of their environment, to make their final choice: to join the Army of Corruption, with so many rich possibilities attached to its membership, or stick firmly to their ethical principles and, thus, automatically become a member of the Condemned Class. And the outcome of any decision emerging from a state of inner conflict such as this is hardly to be expected to be one in favour of virtue. Speaking frankly, I don't see any practical way out of all these difficulties so long as the present social balance remains unchanged.

It should be repeated that this statement comes from a venerable politician who certainly is not one of those "dissatisfied elements who, in the name of democracy and freedom, abuse their liberty and right and will only be satisfied with the dictatorship of the few." M. J. SHEIKH-OL-ISLAMI

2 Rosmead Road, (Faculty of Economics,
Holland Park, W.11. University of London)

IN HUNGARY

SIR,—In his letter on my article (published by you on August 19) Mr. Freedman states that in 1949 Hungarian industrial production was above the 1938 level. Naturally it was. Yet this statement without any reference to productivity per man is only a diversion from the issue I raised which for the time being is, as even Mr. Freedman admits, the dominant issue in Hungary.

Mr. Freedman also states that conditions in the factory he worked in and perhaps in a few others he had opportunity to visit were fairly, if not quite, satisfactory. But if the response of the workers to calls for higher productivity was the rule and sabotage by previous Right-wing Social-Democrat leaders (he puts it in exact conformity with official Hungarian phraseology) was the exception, why was public life in Hungary stirred by this issue? Why were so many pages devoted to it in the Government-ruled press? Why is it that Communist leaders accuse the workers of widespread tampering with working norms and for what reason did the chief planner Mr. Gerö complain, in his speech delivered on May 31 before the Central Committee, that the execution of the Five-Year Plan was endangered by the attitude of the workpeople? If developments on the whole were satisfactory and the bulk of the workers convinced of the blessings of Stakhanovism, why did the Central Committee of Communist Party hurl the most bitter reproaches against the trade unions, stating that they failed in their task of strengthening factory discipline and raising productivity?

Mr. Freedman obviously misses the point. The fact is that owing to an unsatisfactory level of productivity a considerably greater labour force had to be employed than was originally projected. Consequently labour reserves, in particular those of skilled workers, were depleted; the very same reserves desperately needed for the further expansion of industrial production in accordance with the Five-Year Plan.

The most startling point in Mr. Freedman's argument, however, is his reference to the last elections in Hungary. According to him the basis of the present Hungarian regime was "the almost unanimous support of the population (in the last election 94.7 per cent. of the population voted and of these 95.6 per cent. voted for the People's Government)." Does Mr. Freedman really believe that the whole Hungarian people—workers, peasants, Catholics all alike—"enthusiastically" support the régime? Did it never occur to him that the unanimity of 90 or even of a higher per cent. of the voters has something to do with the specific circumstances of the ballot? It was in Hitler's Germany where this sort of unanimous support, of which the People's Democracies like to boast, was produced, but never in countries with political institutions enabling their citizens to express freely their opinion. GEORGE KEMENY

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POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a letter of Professor H. Levy, dated June 3, concerning the International Congress of Mathematicians to be held at Harvard University. As we wish to avoid any political implications concerning this Congress, we wish to state the following facts.

I. As a part of the effort to keep the Congress apolitical, we have tried to secure a visa for every mathematician who notified us about visa difficulties, before cancelling his passage. Professor Levy did not do this.

II. As far as we know, Professor Levy was the only mathematician from any independent nation who was prevented from attending the Congress because of his failure to pass a political test. Two mathematicians from occupied Germany also failed to get a visa; one was a former S.S. man.

III. Mathematicians from countries behind the Iron Curtain have uniformly been prevented from attending the Congress by their own governments, and not by any action of the United States government.

We regret very deeply that Professor Levy will not attend the Congress.

GARRETT BIRKHOFF,
Chairman, Organising Committee.
J. R. KLINE
Secretary.

531 West 116th Street, N.Y.C.

SIR,—A year ago M. Jean Laffitte, the French novelist, came to Britain. He visited this country again in May. In his capacity of Secretary of the World Peace Committee he was invited to London by the British Peace Committee in order to discuss preparations for the World Peace Congress to be held here in November, but when he arrived at Northolt airport on the 13th of this month, he was turned back by the authorities.

Why this hardening of the arteries of freedom?

CHRISTOPHER BRUNEL

THE BOMB

SIR,—For a brave and sincere man, Popski has written a curiously oblique letter. Does he mean that if Russia launched an invasion of Europe and America retaliated with atomic weapons, he, and "the large number of people" in Britain whom he postulates, would seek to abandon Uno and, in partnership with Russia, to attack America?

If he means this, why does he not say so? If he does not, what does he mean?

The Airborne Club, DAVID STAFFORD-CLARK
W.C.2.

THE FATHER OF THE HOUSE

SIR,—In your issue of last week the following sentence occurs: "Lord Winterton (who is to retire from active politics at the age of eighty). . . ."

Presumably to attribute to a man who is actually sixty-seven the age of eighty is some obscure form of Socialist joke; if I am correct in this assumption perhaps you would be good enough to explain the point of it.

Most of my opponents in debate assign to me an attitude of mind and of behaviour much younger than my age, so, in a sense, it is refreshing to me that you should find it funny to state that I am thirteen years older than I am. WINTERTON

House of Commons.

[No joke was intended. Socialist or otherwise. We apologise.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ASSUMPTA EST MARIA

SIR,—I am sorry that my letter should have given Mr. Quincey the impression that I regard the intellectual Catholic as a hypocrite. I do not think that such an expression can be applied to one who sincerely holds the general truth of the Church, and is supported spiritually by her sacramental system.

Perhaps I should have distinguished more carefully between the doctrinal and disciplinary aspects of the teaching Church. Infallibility enters, strictly speaking, only in doctrinal questions; and the discipline of the Church is subjected to much criticism—especially her intellectual discipline, but extending to such matters as the celibacy of the clergy; the "Green Table" curia; the dispensations, gratis but subject to tax, and so forth. These things can be more or less openly rejected. It is more difficult where morals are involved, in questions like the Index, contraception and education. Here there may be a certain amount of shoulder-shrugging; but it has to be remembered that in the last resort, the Church teaches, the conscience must be followed, even if objectively erroneous.

Doctrines can always be interpreted in a way that gives them spiritual validity. With regard to the Assumption, while many Catholics will regret its definition, it has always been "true." Our Lord's (glorified) body is in Heaven too, so that Our Lady's does not present any more difficulty than His—leaving aside the once-debated question of Elijah's chariot-assumed body.

Nor can the question of actual ignorance of the Church's teaching—especially disciplinary—be ruled out. Your fashionable priest, instructing an important convert, does not stress those matters where stubborn resistance is likely to be encountered. Indeed, I know one priest who accepts Friday fasting as consistent with his idea of godliness (his expression) and rejects the prohibition of books as contrary to it. I am not suggesting that he is wrong; but the authority behind the two is exactly the same. If priests can be so courageous, it is no wonder that laymen, less cognisant of the actual rules, can do the same. And naturally, it is such priests who attract the intellectual (there are of course exceptions) rather than the Father O'Flynns, who may explain laboriously that a crumb from the breakfast-table, if swallowed, breaks the Eucharistic fast; whereas the same crumb, remaining in the mouth from before midnight and swallowed after, does not.

133 Filton Avenue, P. D. TURNER
Bristol, 7.

SIR,—Some of your correspondents are speculating as to how Roman Catholic "intellectuals" in this country will react to the forthcoming dogma of the Assumption. They may gain light on the topic, I think, if they will consider the case of Cardinal Newman, of whom it was said that he solved his mental perplexities by taking refuge in a church which apparently has none. Until Papal Infallibility was made a dogma he regarded the doctrine (his letter to Bishop Ullathorne makes this clear) as the work of an "aggressive insolent faction"; after the Vatican Decree—described at the time by a French cleric as *plutôt absurde que faux*—Newman submitted. *Laudabiliter se subjecit.*

And there is this further point about Newman, in this connection, that, along with his resplendent mental gifts (and most people would agree that he had one of the subtlest intellects in 19th-century England) he was endowed also with a quite abnormally childlike, not to say childish, credulity. He found no difficulty, for example, in believing the legend of the transportation of the Holy House of Loreto by magical air lift from Palestine to Italy. For centuries the Church had encouraged the belief, and that was enough for Newman. Writing to a friend he said: "I went to Loreto with a simple faith, believing what I still more believed when I saw it. I have no doubt now. If you ask me why I believe it, it is because every one believes it at Rome."

So that there should be no difficulty for the Roman Catholic "intellectuals"—none of whom is fit to hold a candle to the great Cardinal—in accepting this new dogma. Tertullian's formula still holds good: *Credo quia impossibile, credo quia absurdum.*

21, East Avenue, HAROLD BINNS
Bournemouth.

SIR,—The Dogma of the Assumption revives old controversies. I remember in my youth how we were taught to scorn the Catholic Church for its reactionary prohibitions of Copernicus and Galileo. But now that the end of Renaissance Humanism is clearly to be seen, and the world waits for the dropping of the hydrogen bomb, may it not be that the Catholic Church was right all the time?

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Books in General

THE new edition of Yeats's *Collected Poems** is something enthusiastically to be welcomed. The printing might and should be, from such a publisher and for such a master, very much better. Yet still the poems are legible, and we have at last the whole of Yeats's poetry in one volume. The new edition contains *A Full Moon in March* (1935) and *Last Poems* (1940) as well as the poems of the collected edition of 1933. One hopes that before long Yeats's publishers will give us an even fuller edition which will contain all the versions and alterations made at various times by the poet to his own work. Such an edition would be both valuable and interesting, though it would be only supplementary to what we have here, for it is on this edition that Yeats himself would desire his work finally to be judged.

Now it is too early for final judgment, yet judgments are constantly being made, and, for my own part, I should hazard the guess that Yeats will have a secure place among the very greatest of lyrical poets who have written in English or any other language. Some irrelevant and some unjust criticisms have been made of him. There are some who, while admiring a kind of realism in his later work, find that his early verse with its "old mythologies" is, by comparison, weak or sentimental. Those who think in this way will tend to dismiss the poetry written before *Responsibilities* (1914) in which occurs the famous manifesto of renunciation of these mythologies and the declaration that :

> there's more enterprise
> In walking naked.

This conventional view must have affected me, for in re-reading the poems, I was surprised to notice such unity of development and progression between the different periods of this long art. There are no really sudden transitions; and, in particular, if one is looking for anything of the sort, one should not look for it in the year 1914. *The Green Helmet and other Poems*, published in 1910, contains already the elements of the later style; nor, in the latest poems of all, are elements of the early style wholly abandoned. It is true that constant revisions and the rewriting of entire poems reinforce this impression of unity; yet still the unity is there. It is the same man who writes from 1897 to 1940 through a period of extraordinary change, experiment, crisis, illusion and disillusion, a period of hope, failure, revolution and war. Certainly the man contains multitudes; these are the tensions and contradictions from which his art proceeds. But there is an undeviating poetic integrity, a developing style which remains fundamentally the same however much the symbolism may alter, a personality which does not change.

Yet how various are the scope and aspects of this personality! There is the poet of "old mythologies," of love, of politics, of a kind of philosophy; the ballad poet, the meditative poet, the poet savage and kindly, dignified and unbuttoned, the poet calling on the past and the poet prophetic of the future. Such variety does not, as I have said, imply inconsistency. True, there are inconsistencies of a kind to be found. At one moment Yeats will write in the loftiest vein of Irish patriotism; at another he will rage against "The seeming needs of my fool-driven land." And the word "merchant" will be used, when applied to his own ancestors, as a title of respect, and elsewhere as a mark of contempt. Such apparent inconsistencies are human and natural. As for his more philosophical thought, it must seem, I should imagine, to a professional philosopher either muddled or meaningless, or both. His excursions into spiritualism and into eastern mysticism may be unmethodical and lacking in scientific thoroughness. Some of his political pronunciations in prose have little or no practical value.

Yet to be a poet one need not in philosophy or in politics follow the conventional and, no doubt, important rules of method and of behaviour. The poetic imagination works very differently, and out of stones which the expert in abstractions would certainly reject it is often capable of raising edifices that are both firm and lasting. We do not have to believe in what Yeats calls "the philosophical gyres" in order to appreciate the use he makes of them. Nor can such an adjective as "muddle-headed" be applied to one who, in his poem *The Second Coming*, gave a clearer, a more prophetic, a more accurate picture of his times than has been given by any politician or professional thinker. Not that Yeats's policy is to be judged by the standards of political or philosophical relevancy. I am merely concerned to point out that this relevancy does, in fact, exist.

Indeed it is remarkable that one whose inspiration so often derives from dreams and visions and more or less romantic reconstructions from other times, one whose political utterances are often inept and whose political capacity is at least questionable, should be in fact the greatest political and revolutionary poet writing in English during a most disturbed age. And here, on this particular subject, one can observe the force and vigour of a sincerity which is found throughout his art.

Yeats himself was not committed to the Dublin Rebellion of 1916, but some of his friends and his enemies were. He feels both for them and with them; at the same time he stands back from the actual struggle. It is a kind of aloofness which makes his real sympathy most powerful and moving. Of the poem *Easter* 1916, Professor Bowra well writes: "His emotions are naturally mixed, and the poem gives the whole gamut of them: wonder, exaltation, pity, forgiveness, hope, resignation. It keeps strictly and exactly to fact." Indeed one may well look for the secret of Yeats's greatness and his power in this combination of a grand style with a keeping "strictly and exactly to fact."

There have been some who have pretended to see the attitudes of a poseur in Yeats's "grand manner." I cannot follow this criticism, at least so far as his poetry is concerned. It may be that his imagined aristocracy of land-owners, saints and peasants does not exist and never has perfectly existed. What matters is the sincerity of his hatred for a situation where he sees :

> The insolent unreproved,
> And no knave brought to book
> Who has won a drunken cheer,
> The witty man and his joke
> Aimed at the commonest ear,
> The clever man who cries
> The catch-cries of the clown,
> The beating down of the wise
> And great Art beaten down

Hating as he did the

> levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind
> That never looked out of the eyes of a saint
> Or out of a drunkard's eye

he asserts what greatly needed to be asserted, the dignity and worth of things too complicated or else too simple to attract the attention of such a mind. So in the Connemara fisherman, in Helen of Troy, in the imagined metallic splendours of Byzantium, in the political martyr who was also a "drunken vain-glorious lout," in these and in so many other symbols we are introduced into a world which, however sublime, is true, and which, in spite of its truth, is never "realistic," since it is either intimately felt or else surveyed as something connected with the expanses of time and space.

Sublimity, passion and simplicity mark his love poems from the earliest to the latest period. There is a sense in which it would be true to call Yeats a poet of romantic love. The adjectives "high," "lonely," "solitary," "proud" are common. In the early love poems in particular, dreams and unsatisfied desire form much of the theme. Even in this period, however, gaiety, vigour and fervour go along with romantic passion. Together with the slow cadences of such lines as :

> Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
> Over my heart, and your hair fall over my breast

we find the dancing rhythms of *Wandering Oisin*, the proud affirmative rhythms of *The Ragged Wood*.

By 1910, with the publication of *The Green Helmet*, one already feels that, after so brilliant a beginning, Yeats is "coming into his force." A new and characteristic note is heard distinctly in such poems as *A Woman Homer Sung* and *No Second Troy*. The following lines reveal of the poet in the full strength of his integrity.

> What could have made her peaceful with a mind
> That nobleness made simple as a fire
> With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
> That is not natural in an age like this,
> Being high and solitary and most stern?
> Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
> Was there another Troy for her to burn?

The romantic adjectives are still here, but the setting for them has altered. The setting is in the present time, and present time is proudly and firmly connected with that of Homer. Style, like the beauty celebrated, is now "like a tightened bow." It is a style that marks so many others of the great love poems—*That the night come*, the poems on Solomon and Sheba, and many more—poems in which there is a hurry and a shock in the juxtaposition of ideas or in the evolution of a theme.

In the love poems of his old age Yeats treats the theme more physically and with an abruptness that may be shocking to those who admire only his romantic thought. Yet the nymphs and satyrs copulating in the foam are only a develop-

* *Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats.* Macmillan. 15s.

ment of such earlier poems as *A Thought from Propertius*, and we find a variant of the same gaiety as before in the refrain:

What shall I do for pretty girls
Now my old bawd is dead?

Indeed it would seem that Yeats exaggerated in his own mind the effects of "lust and rage" on his later work. Again, what surprises one most in his last poems is the variety of style and feeling. Together with the lust and rage we find poetry of pure and almost traditional beauty, meditation, epigram, ballads vigorous and reckless. Some themes of earlier inspiration are indeed dismissed as "circus animals"—

Those stilted boys, that burnished chariot,
Lion and woman and the Lord knows what.
The old poet claims to be lying down
Where all the ladders start,
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

Yet the "old fool tune" is still:

Tall dames go walking in grass-green Avalon.

Great critical works will no doubt be written on the sources and values of Yeats's inspiration, on the development of his rhythms and on much else. It will be debated in what style he wrote best and in what period. Here I have only attempted to emphasise the integrity of his work, the unity, the dazzling variety; to suggest that, though he stands outside them, he is very much a part of our times; and to pay what homage I can to the best and greatest poet of our century.

REX WARNER

WEEPING A STONE IS WALKING BY THE SEA

I move in memory as the fish in water
Sings happy in its silences, and cry
Heavy the ocean covers us up later
But we shall break the rock before we die.
That rock is riven where a bright spectre shakes
Her mushroom head to warn us away,
As here, to tell the proud world that it breaks
Weeping a stone is walking by the sea.

So rusted the chained sailor in his berth
When the wave took him hissing in the night;
Not knowing love or death he would not die
But stopped his skeleton as it stepped forth.
So I look inward to the birth of love
And see, trapped in the mazes of the skull,
That angel authority of life who cries:
Weeping a stone is walking by the sea.

Out of a seventh wave the amoeba sprang
Into the manger of my arms, and spoke:
"I am the word that the affirming tongue
Began a world with. All living things evoke
The law of love that suspends and sustains
Each in the other, as I lie singing here.
The knife is married nightly to the crime,
Weeping the stone is walking by the sea."

The boat, rocking, is loaded with a catch
Of all creation, and the descending star
Drops slowly and for ever through a loving
Eye; the liar, the lamb and the lion are
Perpetually united in that great kiss
Secretly exchanged by all that is.
And where old Adam once sinned on a shore
Weeping a stone is walking by the sea.

O who has spun the worst star on its cold
Circle of lessening ignorance and love
Into the darkness? The crime goes on and on.
And now the pride that stood a fish upright
Gags us with ashes. Reprove, reprove,
You angel authority from whom we have
The liberty to love and be, reprove and save!
Weeping a stone is walking by the sea.

GEORGE BARKER

ICARUS

Richard Hillary: A Life. By LOVAT DICKSON. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

Those who die very young are proper subjects for piety and verses but can rarely bring anything to biography. This is especially true of young Englishmen of the upper classes who go to the Public Schools. A wistful sameness hangs over their well-known story: the hated Prep. school, the adoring mother, the appeals to be brave after the "wonderful hols.", the decorous country visits, the long Public School silence "where he came under the influence of . . .", and the beginnings of "worldliness" at the University. The life of Richard Hillary is not an exception, and if anything extraordinary did go on except the process of turning the son of an eminent Australian civil servant into a young English gentleman, Hillary never revealed it, nor does his biographer discover. Assertive—we read—the boy once snatched the reins of a pony cart from an aunt: at Shrewsbury naughtily asked a school inspector if he had come to inspect the masters. The boy shrewdly took his holidays alone in Germany before the war and impertinently won the Hermann Goering rowing cup for an Oxford crew the year war broke out. He had spirit. Nearly all that is worth saying about himself was done in his own memorial *The Last Enemy*, and what comes out of that is that he was a brave, questioning man, a bit spoiled, and a born writer. Unlike most war reporters, his book had an inner life. The rest is in Mr. Eric Linklater's memoir which rescued him from the inevitable myth-hunting speculations of Arthur Koestler in *The Yogi and the Commissar*. To describe Hillary as a "desperate crusader searching for a Cross," as Koestler did, was to turn him into a Central European and something suspiciously like a Nazi. In England the belief in freedom is a passion, but it is also empirical.

There is little left after this for Mr. Lovat Dickson, who was Hillary's publisher. Moved by devotion and a natural pride in discovering a symbol and a best-seller, Mr. Dickson presents a plaque to the school chapel. The inscription is often touching, though it contains most of the clichés the death of a war hero is likely to evoke. He also conveys the bewilderment and guilt which the middle-aged feel about the young in time of war; the former become painfully aware that they have learned more efficiency in dealing with doubts than the latter. What disconcerted Mr. Dickson most in the publisher's office—always an informative place—and at a literary lunch, was Richard Hillary's teasing smile, the most alarming look on a young face. Out in the street the disfigured airman bleakly went to try stomach success; his friends had been killed, he had had a genuine change of heart. The result: he was a best seller. One is not surprised to learn that it was T. E. Lawrence's *The Mint* that supported his fatal decision to return to the R.A.F.

Hillary himself has described how he stood cheerfully between the guilty intellectuals of the Chamberlain period and the buccaneering indifference of the muscular. The only certain things were the coming war and the self. In sport, no need to take training too seriously; in intellectual matters, no need for a body of belief or more than opportunism. One could rely on the self for a gallant, last-minute effort which would surmount any crisis; and after that, as a privileged person, one could help oneself liberally to the world without compunction. If we were going back to the Dark Ages, Hillary saw himself as a knight with a likely chance of becoming a baron in the long run. He certainly did not see himself as a monk. What the handsome, assertive, arrogant and charming boy did not foresee was that it was not entirely a case of kill or be killed. He could be disfigured, maimed, spend a year in hospital and lose all his friends.

As a mocker of religion, order, value, Hillary had met his opposite in a fellow pilot. Peter Pease was a reserved man, a professed Christian, who fervently held that he was not in the war, nor indeed in life, for what he could get out of them either in adventure or self-realisation, but in duty to mankind and for the extirpation of evil. Hillary spent hours pointing out how delightful it must be for Peter, who was a rich landowner, to hold his simple, feudal religious faith. When Peter was killed Hillary had many conversations with Peter's fiancée, in which he tried to shake her faith. No doubt (Mr. Lovat Dickson thinks) he was in love with this girl. Each man (Hillary argued) is an end in himself; if he dies that is the end and he is at last forgotten. The girl replied with Donne that something of oneself dies with everyone who dies and that it is our realisation of our part with the dead, that gives value to life. Is this Koestler's "search for a Cross?" It was certainly Hillary's crisis. His character changed and the violent egocentricity which had amused and annoyed was tempered. What had really happened was that Hillary had been forced to grow up very rapidly and with suffering. The climax of his own book which comes when he describes digging out a woman and a dead child from the ruins of a building near Liverpool Street shows a further step in his growth. He had been one of the romantic, "long-haired" amateurs, the privileged, and his tragedies had seemed to him private; he was made to feel he was "one of the few" no longer, but one of the many.

Thought is the hell of the man of action as action is the hell of the thinking man. It was fortunate for Hillary as a writer that he was divided between the two. The British Ambassador in Paris after the war compared him with Saint-Exupéry: "Men of extreme sensibility—possessing indeed the sensibility of an artist—forced nevertheless by an interior power to choose action; two men of action incapable by themselves of finding a happy oblivion in action, because they were tormented by a sense of responsibility and the need to try to understand." But the deeper hell, as T. E. Lawrence found, is success; the sense of guilt, betrayal, unreality and isolation that goes with it. So hard, now, to know what is sincere and what "a gesture." Once people crowded round him—as it was natural that they should—Hillary became moody, truculent and bitter. He had got through the worst neuroses of his disfigurement pretty well. His obsessions arose less from the damage to a handsome face than from the injury to his hands; if he felt the physical injury it was in them, I suspect, most of all, and I fancy that a determination to show that he could still use them must have been a powerful private reason for returning to the R.A.F. It is certain that his tragic fumbling with them at the controls must have been the cause of his death. He was haunted by the neurotic notion that women got an erotic thrill from the touch of his maimed fingers. One cannot really over-estimate the part played by physical shock and terror. Earlier on he had had, as Mr. Lovat Dickson says, a crucial setback in America when he was asked not to speak in public because the sight of his lidless and watering eyes and patched face would shock American mothers and put them against the Allied cause. Too awful to serve the humanity he believed he was serving?

A great deal of Hillary's truculence and restlessness must not be put down to his "search for a Cross," nor even to his physical suffering. He tormented himself as only a young man can. The truth is that he was an artist on some level or other and therefore unlikely to be satisfied or to cease to question. There are extracts from his diaries in Mr. Dickson's book which, in their last entries, recall the precision which was really the important quality of *The Last Enemy*. The flying pieces are written in the strange technical jargon of the airman; but he does not think and feel in this jargon, as the other flying writers do. His short portraits of people have always the touch of life.

Two generations have now produced his type in the earliest days of their wars. Their pathos is that of a private ardour, the pathos of privilege.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CHANGE AND DECAY

Roads to Ruin. By E. S. TURNER. *Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.*

The last climbing boy to be suffocated in a chimney died when Mr. Bernard Shaw was in his teens. The last climbing boy not to be suffocated died in 1949. Hanging, drawing and quartering as a penalty for traitors came off the Scottish statute book in 1948. The last spring gun to blow off an Englishman's leg was set in 1944. On March 24th 1949 Lord Mancroft's bill to legalise marriage to a divorced (as well as deceased) wife's sister had to be withdrawn. The great dead controversies which Mr. Turner has brought to life again in the pages of this book are closer to us in time and spirit than we may like to think.

The book is sub-titled "The shocking history of social reform." This is donnish horse-play rather than a statement of fact, for Mr. Turner makes no claim to be giving his readers anything like a complete history of social reform. He has merely selected a number of prominent battles for reform from within the great historical development of the period, and has concentrated for our delight on some of the thought processes that tried to prevent the reforms from taking place. He has done this wittily and coherently, so his book is a success.

To-day when reforms are no longer great moral issues, it is unfashionable to be very enthusiastic about them. Civilised men, unable to spend as much of their money abroad as they like, hurry to disclaim any reforming zeal, even kittenishly encourage the idea that they're becoming a little reactionary in their middle age. But a stampede over *Roads to Ruin* is not necessary. With the possible exception of the closing of the promenades of London music halls because they were haunts of vice, there is no reform discussed in these chapters which a man need to-day be a "reformer" to approve. The most die-hard foreign traveller would not accept an increase in his allowance at the cost of seeing shop assistants work eighteen hours a day, or merchant seamen forced to cross the Bay of Biscay in ships of which the deck was a foot or two above the water line. Sir Waldron Smithers would almost certainly not recommend the destruction and mutilation of the rural lower orders with spring guns and man-traps.

And yet, perhaps, if Sir Waldron Smithers read this book, he would resent the fun poked by Mr. Turner at those who sought to justify man-traps. And there are doubtless others who, while they would no longer wish to defend these fallen bastions, would sympathise emotionally with their defenders. So that, for those who are not content with entertainment, there is a certain social relevance—a tactical relevance—for to-day, after all.

Although the hurling of biblical texts like custard pies is no longer considered effective in political debate, most of the other lines of argument employed by opponents of change in the past are available, and indeed in use, in modern guise, to-day. There is the "dire disaster" line; the great houses of England will be burnt to the ground if their chimneys are not allowed to be cleaned by human brushes: traitors will multiply and sacrifice thousands in their beds if the statutory penalty for treason does not include cutting down the traitor while still alive, tearing out his entrails and burning them in his face. (Enthusiasts for capital punishment may brush up their arguments with confidence from this chapter.) There is the line that you can't alter human nature by Act of Parliament—can't stop eight-year-old children getting d.t.s—and that everything you want to do is an intolerable interference with the liberty of the subject anyway.

But what really makes *Roads to Ruin* so interesting is, quite simply, the fascinating quirks, blank spots, and general resourcefulness of the human mind which it reveals. The man who first propounded the idea that reactionaries were stupid is indeed made to look a fool by this book. There is in fact no limit to the tortuous ingenuity, acrobatic standing on of heads, and subtle confusion of issue to which opponents of reform—almost always sincere—have resorted in the past and will, one may hope, continue to resort in the future. There is no space here for the many rich examples which deserve notice, so let that stalwart opponent of every reform from Early Closing to the keeping-out of children from pubs, Sir Frederick Banbury, have the last word on Daylight Saving in 1916. "A childish expedient in time of peace," he called it, "and a very dangerous thing to do in war when a mistake of an hour might be fatal."

ROBERT KEE

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The Genius of Italy. By LEONARDO OLSCHKI. *Gollancz. 21s.*

The charting of national psyches is a science still in infancy. What turned the Swiss from redoubtable mercenaries into formidable *hoteliers*? When did we English lose our reputation of frivolous regicides, to become John Bulls first, and then Little Men? What changed China under the Ming Emperors into an enormous ingrowing toenail? Above all, what went wrong with Italy? How did the darling inspiration of the West decline into the "soft underbelly of the Axis" and then rise again to give back to us that exultation which Goethe must have felt when he wrote "Kennst du das land"?

As the texture of his prose constantly reminds us, Signor Olschki enjoys the advantage and the handicap of writing of Italy from America. Yet in his early pages he almost persuades us he has pulled his trick off, that he has divined the secret of Italy's failure—which if the time factor be ignored, is almost identical with the general rout of Western culture.

Signor Olschki rightly begins with the climatic background. It is rare to find an Italian who does not join in a conspiracy to hide from the foreigner that ceaseless struggle against the climate which is the hard foundation of Italian life. Signor Olschki does not deny, of course, the validity of the Italian scene as a Claude or a Wilson or a Hubert Robert saw it. But that majestic brown crag set off by the delicate grove of stone-pines proclaims, he reminds us, deforestation—that disastrous process begun by the Roman shipwrights and continued inexorably by their Renaissance descendants. Has deforestation changed the Italian climate, perhaps even the Italian character? One recalls the passage from Ciano's diary, where Mussolini, enraged by Neapolitan dismay at the Allied air-raids, shouts that he will replant the Appenines with trees, and thus bring back rain to Italy, with English stoicism as its inevitable companion.

But as it is, the summer sun beats down day after day upon the naked peninsula; those very qualities of climate which delight the pale Northern invader, become a pest for the average Italian family, imposing upon it the ruinous necessity of the *villegiatura*. Signor Olschki makes too the pertinent point that Italy achieved unity and entered the world as a nation at a moment when a state to be powerful needed those very minerals in which she is deficient—iron and coal. Hence, we must infer, much of the subsequent tragedy.

Lack of iron, save in Elba: lack of wood everywhere: lack of coal except in Sardinia. but an abundance of cheap imposing marble, and malleable stone, such as the *pietra serena* of Tuscany. Marble and stone made cleanliness into a convention hardly noticed. Early Renaissance travellers, of whom Poggio Bracciollini is typical, or Tasso himself a century later, took one look at the worm-eaten wooden shanties of London or Paris, their rush-strewn lousy floors, and got a sense of cultural superiority that was to prove disastrous. They gained the idea that because the world outside Italy was dirty and uneducated, it could never become a menace to them. The consequence was the transformation of the Italian Elysian Fields into the sordid battlefield upon which Valois and Habsburg fought out their tedious quarrels. From the spectacle of Florentine and Venetian blindness, however witty, to the dull power of the world outside, we twentieth-century Europeans must surely draw an uncomfortable lesson.

But apart from geology and climate, it is easy enough to pin the blame for Italy's main misfortunes upon one human organism—the Church. Nor does Signor Olschki attempt to minimise her crimes and her blunders. He points out for instance that Papal foreign policy for centuries was based upon the simple but disastrous principle of preventing Milan and Naples from falling into the same hands. And after a century of encouraging the humanities, the Vatican of the Counter-Reformation, under Spanish tutelage, was perhaps the principal agency in driving the Italian genius to earth. Yet Signor Olschki bids us remember that for a very long period of Italian history, power was in the hands of an alien nobility—German law courts existed for these foreigners till as late as the end of the twelfth century. During that time, the Papacy was the only repository and symbol of national life. However much Pius IX may have betrayed the Risorgimento, without the Vatican there might be no Italian nation today.

It was perhaps a tragedy for the world that the Christian Church should have fixed its headquarters in the Roman rubble that was and still is charged with such an uncomfortable political importance. Had Nazareth, for instance, instead of Rome been erected into the holy headquarters, had the Bishop of Rome instead of the Emperor moved eastward to meet the Sassanian threat, how much more happy might European history have turned out. But the inescapable fact remains that the Papacy, for better or worse, became as Italian as *bel canto* or *fettucini*, commanding no greater respect than either. The Italians had waxed indignant over Papal corruption and recovered from their indignation, long before the

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North suspected that anything was wrong at Rome. Far from the New Learning turning them anti-clerical, the preoccupation of early Renaissance Italy and particularly of the neo-Platonists was to marry revived classicism with Christianity, to make angels of the nymphs. Italy thus fell out of step with the violent foreign world. For her sin, suggests Signor Olschki in so many words, she was clapped into a glass-house which did her incalculable harm: nor has she yet by any means recovered.

Signor Olschki's book is full of fascinating suggestions. The Communes gain their liberties through bloody struggles, and within a generation or so give them back to professional politicians whose efficiency they respect and whose crimes they ignore. Statesmen from Dante's time already find that the high-sounding, flatulent discourse, what modern Italians call "the Aulic style", is a winner with Italian audiences. After Galileo's condemnation, genius goes underground and only comes to the surface again in music. All very plausible. But any book which assumes the scope of Signor Olschki's must face the major question of all—why between the thirteenth and the end of the eighteenth century did Italy see such a concentration of artistic genius as not even Periclean Athens ever knew? And why did Italian culture then collapse into a rubble of bad taste from which until our own time Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff* or the writings of Verga and Pirandello can alone be remarked? Who is there to chart the descent from the age of Vico, Metastasio, Scarlatti and Goldoni, to that of d'Annunzio and Leoncavallo? Never has taste risen to such heights and fallen to such depths as in Italy, with the Fascist regime as the most debased example of *terribilità*. It is a pity that Signor Olschki merely averts his eyes from the last fifty years of Italian life, from, for instance, the heroism of the Partisans, the recent revival of Italian cinema and painting, the peculiar features of Italian Communism or the future of the South.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

INTELLIGENCE

Operation Cicero. By L. C. MOYZISCH. *Wingate.* 8s. 6d.

The Venlo Incident. By CAPTAIN S. PAYNE BEST. *Hutchinson.* 12s. 6d.

Operation Cicero is an Anglo-German spy story set in war-time Ankara. "Cicero" was the British Ambassador's valet. Moyzisch, the author, was an underling of Kaltenbrunner attached to Von Papen's staff. Late one night in autumn 1943 Cicero approached Moyzisch with a sensational offer. He was an Albanian, he said, who hated the British. He was prepared to sell to the Germans for an initial sum of £20,000 photographs of highly secret documents which he had the means of extracting from Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen's private safe. If these documents proved satisfactory, further photographs would be supplied at the rate of £15,000 for each roll of film. They proved extremely satisfactory. The money and the photographs began to change hands. During the next six months, reports on Casablanca, Teheran and Cairo, intimate information on Anglo-Russian-American quarrels, on the Allied build-up in Turkey, on the approach of Overlord, arrived on Ribbentrop's desk within a day or two of their despatch from the British Foreign Office or our Embassy in Ankara. "Here," says Moyzisch, "was the greatest sum of money ever demanded in the history of espionage" (it amounted to £300,000 in all) "for the greatest value ever offered." The leakage was eventually betrayed to the British by Moyzisch's secretary, after incalculable harm might have been done. What happened to Cicero after that we are not told.

The main interest of the book lies in the use made of the documents in Berlin. Ribbentrop took the initiative by ordering the first £20,000 to be paid over to Cicero. Thereafter he began to distrust the authenticity of the material. "Too good to be true," he murmured as he thumbed through the first batch of glossy prints. But that was not the real reason for his obstinate attitude towards this windfall. He did not want to believe in them because the documents originated with Von Papen and Kaltenbrunner, both of whom he hated, and because he was unwilling to admit the truth of the very disagreeable information they contained. He leapt on reports of Churchill's illness and Allied disagreements, but about the remaining and more vital information he did nothing. But what could he have done? He could not by the smallest hint betray his possession of the documents or the source from which they came. Thus, when Cicero provided a warning that a heavy air raid on Sofia was to be launched within a few days, Ribbentrop did not even dare to pass it on to the Sofia authorities, with the result that thousands of unnecessary casualties occurred when the information proved true. From the many examples given by Moyzisch, it seems that nothing of supreme importance—such, for instance, as the date and objectives of Overlord—was given away, and the bulk of the information obtained from Cicero only served to convince the more sensible Germans of their coming defeat. Moyzisch's account is written shortly, soberly, and with much fascinating detail. Von Papen says that "apart from a few details" the book is perfectly correct. It would be interesting to hear Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen's version of this extraordinary story.

The Venlo incident itself takes up only the first few pages of the book of that name. Two British Intelligence Officers, of whom Payne Best was one, were captured by the Gestapo on November 9th, 1939, at Venlo on the Dutch-German frontier, where they had arranged to meet members of the anti-Hitler clique in the German army. Over half the book is a description of the five years Best spent at Sachsenhausen, and the final third his account of the last days of the war when, in company with Blum, Schacht, Halder, Niemoeller and other V.I.P.s, he was taken by the S.S. across Germany to liberation by the American army in Northern Italy. Captain Best unconsciously portrays himself as a conventional German officer. With his monocle, his habit of shouting at the top of his voice, his remarkable gifts of command and his concern with "face" and precedence, he does not at first make the excellent impression on the English reader that he so obviously did on his jailers. But one cannot but admire and wonder at the skill with which he made himself at home at Sachsenhausen. Such was his moral ascendancy over his guards, that one of them was always coming to him with ingenious suggestions for making his escape, the Commandant treated him almost as if he were his deputy, and when at the end of the five years the whole staff gathered outside to bid him farewell, "we were most of us near tears." It reads like an account of a long sojourn in a sanatorium instead of in one of the most notorious of S.S. concentration camps. Captain Best makes no pretence that the major part of his experience was an ordeal, and it is refreshing, after so many horror stories of prison camps, to be told about it in such honest, soldierly language. If he is not a great writer, he is certainly a remarkable man.

NIGEL NICOLSON

NEW NOVELS

Iron in the Soul. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Pass the Tambourine. By HENRY VON RHAU. *Constable.* 10s. 6d.

The Rim of Terror. By DARWIN AND HILDEGARDE TEILHET. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

Iron in the Soul, the third volume of M. Sartre's tetralogy, *Roads to Freedom*, is a far better novel than *The Reprieve*, finer even than *The Age of Reason*. It is as though the author had all along been aligning his instruments, moving his range-finder up and down to obtain that integration of

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perspective, that merging of the individual into history, that will bring down the human situation. First, he aimed too low; then, in *The Reprieve*, too high; this time he is dead on the centre of the target. The "kill" has been made; the quarry hunted for so long (there was a good deal of preliminary stalking in *l'Enfance d'un Chef*) has been shot plumb through the heart. Every character, every incident and situation in this novel expresses at the same time itself and the France of 1940.

The June *débâcle* is a subject which Sartre, more than any other living writer, is equipped to handle. He has taken his chance magnificently, and the middle portion of this book provides one of the finest psychological studies of an army in defeat in the whole of modern literature. Characteristically, the author has selected his point of observation midway between Tolstoi and Stendhal. Instead of the vast battlefield panorama or Fabrice's single uninformed vision, he has chosen to view the drama through the eyes of a small group of men—the remnant of a divisional headquarters staff. Abandoned guiltily by their officers, the soldiers, while waiting for the Germans, drift off in twos and threes to pick flowers, get drunk and make love to the local women. For a few hours, time stands still and the landscape takes on an aspect of eternity:

> . . . How empty it all is,' thought Mathieu. Some vast brooding figure had made off, leaving Nature in charge of a few second-line soldiers . . . But what was it that had died this time—France? Christendom? Hope? Quietly the earth and the fields had turned back to their pristine uselessness. On the surface of these meadows that they could neither cultivate or protect, men were now but parasites. The world seemed made anew, yet all about the evening stood the black fringes of the coming night . . . The wheat, the poppies, now growing dark as far as eye could see, the whole prospect, seemed caught in a simultaneous crisis of birth and death. Mathieu let his eye roam over it in peaceful ambiguity: he thought—it is the paradise of despair.

Sartre is right to make us witness the central tragedy in the person of Mathieu, for throughout the novels Mathieu's role has been that of a higher common denominator. With his scruples, his scepticism and his inanition, he represents the conscience of the Third Republic, that bourgeois Cartesian intelligence that survived perilously between the two world wars and dies with Mathieu himself as he makes his act of freedom, firing at the enemy from the church parapet:

> Each one of his shots avenged some ancient scruple. One for Lola whom I dared not rob; one for Marcelle whom I ought to have left in the lurch; one for Odette whom I didn't dare to kiss; this for the books I never dared to write, this for the journeys I never made, this for everybody in general whom I wished to hate and tried to understand. He fired and the tables of the Law crashed about him . . . Beauty dived downward like some obscure bird. But Mathieu went on firing. He fired. He was cleansed. He was all-powerful. He was free.

The reader is left feeling that all three books have been inescapably advancing towards this moment of annihilation, the Europe of 1938-1940 mushrooming and exploding like an atom bomb photographed in slow motion. For this reason the second part of the novel, which deals with Brunet, the Communist leader, now a prisoner in German hands, cannot, for all the excellence of the writing, avoid being anything but an anti-climax, the aftermath of the day of judgment.

Pass the Tambourine is a picaresque tale of union racketeers, sizzling as a hamburger, fast-moving as the games of crap that its author excels in describing. This is Damon Runyon's America, land of rye and pickled herring, of "half-pint sheenies" and "low-grade yolds," where a man steals his wife's fur coat on their honeymoon and a bird-fancier can be pitched off a skyscraper roof for reclaiming his tumbler pigeons. The moral, as summed up by Mr. Gilkie, the simian Napoleon who owns half New York (including most of the police force), is "business is racket and racket is business. . . . Everybody pretends to be square and practically nobody is." Apart from an occasional and annoying facetiousness, Mr. von Rhau's chief defect as a humorist is that he is obviously wondering all the time whether he oughtn't to be a tough satirist as well.

The Run of Terror is concerned, as its blurb declares, "with the *awful* things that happen in only a couple of days, when Elizabeth Whitehill picks up a hitch-hiker who turns out to be a fugitive from the Communists." Elizabeth, an unspoiled young woman from Vermont, "with no lipstick or make-up," and always "sensibly dressed in a loose tan sweater," hits trouble while driving to Seattle in a five-thousand dollar Bently-Maximus four-passenger convertible "painted the new champagne yellow." Though she suffers some grim moments before winning out against "The Left Arm," one never has a qualm as to her ultimate safety. For the Bently-Maximus, on the other hand, one trembles for most of 250 pages.

JOHN RAYMOND

JOURNALISTIC FRONTIERS

Seven Fallen Pillars. By JON KIMCHE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

I wish I could have praised *Seven Fallen Pillars*. Mr. Kimche is a nimble and adventurous journalist, whose preconceptions about Middle Eastern affairs, and in particular about the disastrous character of British Middle Eastern policy from 1945 to 1950, coincide with my own. Since 1945 he has talked to most of the people who matter in the area, and he has the good journalist's gift of being on the spot before and not after trouble breaks out. His mature reflections on the region, which he rightly regards as the key strategic area in the East-West struggle, would have made first-rate reading.

Unfortunately, Mr. Kimche has not bothered to reflect, far less to mature his reflections. *Seven Fallen Pillars* is a slovenly piece of writing. By mixing the autobiographical, geographical and historical method of treating his subject, he has botched the construction of his book and contrived to blow up the King David Hotel in three different chapters. There are, of course, a number of good individual news items and feature pieces—a picture of social conditions in Iraq, for instance, and some interesting facts about British connivance in the Arab invasion of Palestine, in particular an account of the Aqaba incident. But unfortunately it is impossible to rely either on Mr. Kimche's accuracy or on his judgment. From personal experience I can only verify his account of one episode—the Anglo-American Commission. Here he reveals that "the six Americans and one British member favoured the partition of Palestine into an Arab and a Jewish State. The five other British members were strongly opposed." In fact, as he could easily have discovered, only one American, apart from myself, supported partition. He also makes nonsense of the Commission's Report by stating that we estimated the number of Jews in camps in Europe in the spring of 1946 as 190,000, whereas our actual estimate was 98,000, and it was this estimate which justified our recommendation that 100,000 Jews should be admitted to Palestine. In the first instance, Mr. Kimche's inside information about secret proceedings is wrong; in the second, he failed to check his memory by reading the Commission's Report.

Miss Elizabeth Monroe remarked recently that Mr. Kimche is unable to make the grade from journalism to history. In this judgment, she did less than justice to her own occupation. The difference between the journalist and the historian is not that one is slapdash and the other cautious, but that the journalist only sees one part of the historical process and can only judge it on the limited knowledge available at the time, whereas the historian can use hindsight as well. Any good journalist knows that the fascinating tit-bit picked up in the ante-room of the Conference, though often true in fact, is only a single fragment in a shifting kaleidoscope. To throw such tit-bits together and present them as a serious analysis is to produce a pretentious and distorted picture. Mr. Kimche is constantly finding "unbelievable ignorance" among the officials he meets; and he

harshly criticises his colleagues of the Press for credulous reporting of the Palestine war. He seems strangely unaware of his own limitations. Any guess about what really happens behind the scenes either in Whitehall or in Damascus will be valueless unless the fragmentary awareness of what is happening to-day is fitted into an historical background. *Seven Fallen Pillars* would have been a great deal better if Mr. Kimche could have fitted in a few weeks of serious reading and reflection between his visits to the Middle East.

Though he does not say so, I would guess that it was "a high-ranking Air Force officer" who once told Mr. Kimche that "an adequate Air Force based on Habbanyah would make any invasion through the narrow passes of Northern Persia a risky and dubious adventure which the Russians would not consider lightly." Mr. Kimche, however, does not give his authority but baldly asserts that this is an accepted principle of British Middle-Eastern strategy. It would be a great relief to be able to believe it; but I wonder how much trouble he took to check this simple solution of Middle-Eastern defence before he accepted it as Kimche truth.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST

Frederick Denison Maurice. By H. G. WOOD. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

There are two reasons for the recent revival of interest, marked if not very widespread, in F. D. Maurice. The course of events in the fields of social and political reform has reminded many of the fact that British socialism is different from socialism elsewhere. It is of more mixed parentage, owing at least as much to Christian religious motives as to secular idealism and economic doctrine, and to the first of these influences Maurice's contribution is outstanding. The second reason is that Maurice proves to have been before his time as a religious philosopher. In important respects he is more easily understood and accepted today than when he lived. Essentially a theologian, working in advance or in disregard of modern Biblical scholarship and scientific cosmology, he arrived at conclusions about comparative religion, the relations between history and religion, and also at some dogmatic interpretations, which present-day theologians are proclaiming after coping with all the effects of critical method upon their historical data.

Mr. H. G. Wood, in the present volume, might perhaps have made even more than he has of the connection between what was accounted heretical in Maurice's doctrinal teaching and his equally provocative "Christian Socialism." It took great courage for men in such positions as Maurice and Charles Kingsley to raise so red a flag just after 1848, and Maurice would allow no protective colouring either for the socialism or the Christianity. As he wrote, in a letter to Ludlow which Mr. Wood quotes—

> "Tract on Christian Socialism" . . . will define our object and will commit us at once to the conflict we must engage in sooner or later with the unsocial Christians and the unchristian Socialists. It is a great thing not to leave people to poke out our object and proclaim it with infinite triumph, "Why you are Socialists in disguise." "In disguise, not a bit of it. There it is on the title page!" "You want to thrust in ever so much priestcraft under a good revolutionary name." "Well, did we not warn you of it? Did we not profess that our intended something was quite different from what your Owenish lectures meant?" This is the fair play which English people like.

But he was doubtless less concerned with what people might like (or, as the event proved, dislike) than impelled by conviction that the two causes were indivisible: Socialism, as he understood it, must follow from the doctrine of the Church he believed in as the seedling from the seed. The fountain-head of Maurice's teaching, the article of faith that is attested by the quality of his writing when he is affirming it or describing what it implies, is that the redemption of mankind in Christ is universal, an alteration in the status of the race which applies to every man, free though anyone is to refuse it. His view was as far removed as it could be from the doctrines of exclusive election and salvation which, in protean forms, have continually re-appeared in Christian history. It is not easy today to see quite how shocking Maurice appeared to be in the mid-nineteenth century, when the characteristic emphasis in preaching was all upon elaborations of the notions of sin, eternal hell and the vicarious suffering of Christ. When the Council of King's College dismissed him from the chairs of History and Philosophy (a foolish gesture which Gladstone tried in vain to prevent) Maurice himself was not surprised; and the friends who backed him up seem to have done so, less for his reasons, which they found difficult to grasp, than in the spirit of Tennyson's letter to him—

> For being of that honoured few
> Who give the Fiend himself his due
> Should eighty thousand College Councils
> Thunder anathemas at you . . .

While denying the current doctrines of hell (though upon grounds that the "latitudinarians" did not appreciate) he had re-affirmed the personal existence of Satan, for he said we judged men too harshly by refusing to recognise the power of the adversary. But Maurice's thinking which baffled so many who were impressed by his personality as a teacher, was not in the least sentimentally humanitarian. He deplored all demagogy, and the kind of social action that was necessarily implied in his conception of the Kingdom of God as actual and all-embracing, did not lend itself to popular simplifications. He saw equally well the danger of social domination by any one class, and that a levelling egalitarianism only prepares the way for the next tyranny. He believed firmly in co-operative ownership, and, in the relation between this and the state, foresaw much that is worrying Fabian minds today. The extraordinary thing is that, although the socialist endeavours of Maurice and his friends met with some defeats, they also had so much practical effect. They did very much to hasten the recognition of the trade unions and the co-operatives, and powerfully promoted working-class education.

Mr. Wood's book is valuable chiefly for its account of the main controversies (there were many) in which Maurice was engaged. Those with Newman and with the eloquent but now almost forgotten Bampton lecturer Mansel, throw considerable light on the working of Maurice's remarkable mind. There is some justification for the general irritation at his obscurity: yet most of his writing seems almost classic by our present low standards, and one suspects that contemporaries often blamed the style for their own impatience with unfamiliar ideas. He may not be usually listed as one of the "great" Victorians; but he was certainly among the best of them, and it would be hard indeed to name one who was more genuinely—and practically—prophetic. For Maurice spoke *to* his time, when most of his Christian contemporaries pursued their ways regardless of it; yet he never fell under the influence of his time. Acutely sensitive to its needs and hungers, he was never taken in by its pretensions.

PHILIP MAIRET

PENGUIN ON RUSSIA

A History of the U.S.S.R. By ANDREW ROTHSTEIN. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

Mr. Rothstein is an excellent writer who has at his fingertips the facts of the enormous subject he ably covers in this volume, and even if many of his assertions and omissions have to be taken with a grain of salt the general picture he draws of the rise of Russia from the status of a weak and backward power, easily smashed by the Germans in the first world war, to that of Every Good American's Nightmare, is a convincing one. Mr. Rothstein is a Communist, and naturally he presents his facts as only a Communist would present them: in following a definite Party Line

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he always puts the Soviet Government in the right and capitalist governments in the wrong.

Even if Stalin himself indulges from time to time in a little self-criticism, it is not customary for any Communist to criticise the Leader, or even the Soviet Government generally. This reticence often detracts from the value of some otherwise excellent historical research done in the Soviet Union, and the same is true of Mr. Rothstein's book. To take an example: the famous Katyn Forest murders. The Russians had a much better case there than was suggested by the propaganda the London Poles kept drumming into us for years, but they handled it with all the grace of a grandmother elephant. Mr. Rothstein, instead of analysing this highly involved affair, is content to record the fact that, in the end, the Russian Commission of Inquiry "proved beyond doubt" that the Germans had committed the murders. Amen. To a discriminating Western jurist they had proved nothing at all, any more than General Anders had proved anything.

This, however, is an extreme case, and Mr. Rothstein is usually much more helpful and informative. His discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's Russian policy is an excellent piece of polemical writing, and if, in analysing Mr. Churchill's Russian policy in wartime he is a bit rough, some of his criticisms remain valid, not least in the light of Churchill's own recent writings. He usefully recalls a number of episodes, such as Stalin's magnificent response to Churchill's S.O.S. at the time of the Ardennes battle, which so many of our Russia-baiters have tried to forget. He is also right in dwelling not only on Russia's stupendous military effort during the war, but also on her economic effort; he succeeds in putting Lend-Lease in something like its proper perspective. Except for motor vehicles, the great bulk of the Red Army's war equipment was, in fact, Russian-made, and it is useful to remember that until *after* the Battle of Stalingrad allied equipment on the Russian front was a mere drop in the bucket.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY

BUSINESS WELL MAINTAINED

THE 50th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Company, Ltd., will be held on October 5, in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the chairman, Sir Ernest H. Murrant, K.C.M.G., M.B.E.:—

From the profit and loss account it will be noted that the amount dealt with in the parent company's accounts is £557,933, after providing for all expenses, depreciation and taxation. In the final analysis there is a disposable surplus of £803,934, out of which the directors recommend that £200,000 be transferred to Fleet Replacement Account, that a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum, less income tax, be paid on the Ordinary Stock and that £298,654 be carried forward.

The question of the dividend distribution has been given most careful consideration. Your directors are not bound by any undertaking to limit the distribution; a dividend of 8 per cent. per annum may well be regarded as a very reasonable return on the Ordinary Stock of the company, but looked at in a different light it may appear to be a very meagre return on the amount of capital actually employed in the business.

Our principal business is to own ships and to operate trades in which the ships are employed. Therefore, in order to maintain our business and to retain our trades, we must have ships.

During the war years we lost approximately half our combined fleets. The replacement of those lost ships has been completed but the process has been costly.

If the Government wish to help the industry and could be persuaded that it is the Capital Assets employed in industry which provide the bulk of national employment, I suggest that a start might be made by allowing some measure of relief from taxation on amounts specifically set aside for the replacement of wasting Capital Assets.

Taken as a whole, however, our business has been well maintained. Indeed, the benefits to be derived from the widespread interests of a Group such as ours become daily more apparent.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Concertos.—BACH: Violin Concerto, E major (Goldberg Philharmonia Susskind. R20582-4). Two good sets are now available of this concerto, every page of which is a reminder that Bach is perhaps the only composer who never made a mistake. To make a clear decision between the sets is not easy. Despite a beautifully warm tone, Gioconda de Vito's handling of the solo (in the H.M.V. set) seems to me tactlessly emotional and rhythmically uncontrolled. In the *ripieno*, however, the tone of the London Chamber Orchestra is sweeter than that of the Philharmonia strings. On the other hand, the latest set is at no point ill-recorded. The balance is excellent and Goldberg's playing exemplary: highly eloquent, yet classically sober and composed. The "terraced" dynamics peculiar to the baroque concerto are much better managed here than in the H.M.V. issue. On the whole, then, I recommend the new set as stylistically the better; but those who insist on a round tone in the soloist will no doubt prefer Gioconda de Vito. GLAZOUNOV: Violin Concerto, A minor, Op 82 (Milstein RCA Victor Sym Orch Steinberg. DB21085-7). Highbrow musicians are expected to be sniffy about this kind of music, but for the life of me I cannot bring myself to act in character. Glazounov was a sentimental composer, and his music is in most respects academic; yet how appealing this concerto is, in its romantic way! In a former (deleted) recording, Heifetz added sugar to a mixture already sweet enough; Milstein—to my mind a finer artist—uses a more astringent tone to etch sweetness from the background and keep the brimming emotion within bounds. The result is a wonderful performance, full of verve and controlled virtuosity. The work is arrestingly well conducted and the recording so good that it might well attract notice from the State department which investigates "un-American activities." SCARLATTI (arr. Gordon Bryan): Oboe Concerto No 1, G minor (Goossens Philharmonia Susskind. DX8347-8). This concerto might have been less misleadingly labelled. Since Domenico Scarlatti appears to have written no concertos for oboe, it is to be presumed that "No. 1" indicates Mr. Bryan's intention to write more works of this kind, "after" Scarlatti. We may hope so, for No. 1 is an elegant and graceful pastiche, which makes clever use of Scarlatti's material (from the sonatas?) and is attractively scored. The performance is exquisite and the recording delightful.

Overture.—MÉHUL: *Les Deux Aveugles de Tolède* (RPO Beecham. DB21084). I wish I had had time to discover what this long-forgotten opera is about (it was first produced in 1806 and, according to Loewenberg, has not been given anywhere since 1850). We should be grateful to Sir Thomas for reviving the overture—a most taking piece, which seems to mock the C major solemnity of the neo-Roman style characteristic of French art during the Empire and after. The recording, I fear, is not of the best: the parts are clear enough, but the string tone is coarse and there is constant distortion above mezzo-forte.

Chamber Music, Piano Solo, and Organ. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, F minor, Op 95 (Schneiderhan Qt. LX8727-8). The Schneiderhan Quartet have certainly caught and understood the passionate, athletic vigour of this isolated work; but in the *Allegretto ma non troppo* it seems a mistake to allow us no respite from the prevailing mood. Even the Busch Quartet, in their old recording, take this movement faster than is indicated by Beethoven's metronome marking; and the Schneiderhan take it more briskly still, so that most of its cantabile quality disappears. In the Scherzo, too, they miss a beat in the second of the silent bars which punctuate the theme, with the result that the A flat seems to occur on an up instead of a down beat. This is one of those little faults which matter particularly in a recording. In every other respect this is a splendid set, for the balance and tone are excellent. HINDEMITH: Violin Sonata, Op. 11, No. 2; POULENC: Violin Sonata (Kaufman Balsam. LP disc. CTL7001). This is a courageous and worthwhile issue. The Hindemith is an early work (1920), not yet fully characteristic, with echoes of Reger and even of Busoni, but in no sense tentative. The themes are beautifully defined and the whole work masterfully written. Poulenc's Sonata is an altogether different matter. Composed in memory of the Spanish poet, Garcia Lorca, it has serious ambitions which do not wholly succeed. Sonata form shows up the weakness of Poulenc's charming but—like that of Grieg—essentially lyrical talent. Nevertheless, the first two movements are full of beautiful and sincere music. Both sonatas are superbly played, but the recording is light on bass and favours the violin at the expense of the piano, the tone of which lacks body. BEETHOVEN: Sonata, C minor, Op. 111 (Solomon. C4000–3). Solomon's playing of this awe-inspiring, Dantesque work approaches perfection. Only Wilhelm Kempff, perhaps, in his pre-war Decca recording, achieved a more paradisal calm in the final variation of the Adagietto. It is therefore infuriating that more trouble was not taken to secure a faithful recording of so fine a performance. The piano tone is so hard, twangy and distorted that the set can be recommended only to adepts at "listening through." MOZART: Sonata, C major (K545) (Gieseking. LX1304). I have no doubt Gieseking could play this *sonate facile* in a storm at sea, with the piano sliding up and down the saloon; but it seems waste of a great artist to record him in a work which really any decent pianist can play equally well, and upon which it is virtually impossible to throw new light. The recording is good, but there is a faint electrical hum which is annoying. SCHUBERT: Impromptu, G flat major, Op. 90, No. 3 (Cyril Smith. DX1669). Cyril Smith has taken the quite justifiable step of playing this lovely Impromptu in the original key (it is nearly always printed, and played, in G major); but it is more questionable to take the piece, as he does, at something like half the usual speed—a procedure which robs it of the flow which is the essence of the composition. The result, inevitably, is heavy and unpoetic—faults which are not mitigated by an uncomfortable recording. RACHMANINOFF: Prelude, E minor, Op. 32, No. 4; SZYMANOWSKI: Etude, B flat minor, Op. 4, No. 3 (Horsley. C3943). The first of these pieces is one of Rachmaninoff's finest essays in the scherzando style, and Colin Horsley delivers it with great virtuosity. The Szymanowski Etude is not very interesting, and the texture of the climax is awkwardly thick. Recording fair. BACH: Passacaglia, C minor (Geraint Jones. C7790–1). This exemplary performance was recorded on the famous organ at Steinkirchen, near Hamburg. The tone of this ancient instrument is beautifully clear and comparable in quality to the smell of cedarwood. Instead of the usual nightmare of competitive squealing, each note, whether loud or soft, really *sings* in concert with the others. Geraint Jones's tempo is sensible and his registration imaginative. I think it a pity that the ends of the sides should be faded out: a tasteless and outmoded procedure. Otherwise the recording leaves nothing to be desired. The reader is warned that the pitch of the organ is at least a semitone sharper than that to which our ears are accustomed; so don't rush to turn down the speed control.

Vocal. VERDI: *Otello*—"Credo"; *La Forza del Destino*—"Urna fatale" (Gobbi. DB21071). Easily the best available version of the *Credo*, and without (thank goodness) any embarrassing laughter at the end. Orchestra and balance particularly good. "Urna fatale" is rather less successful. Though a beautiful aria, it does not stand very well by itself, and requires, in any case, to be sung with a more Battistini-like ease and suavity. SCHUBERT: *An die Musik*; *Meeresstille*; *Im Frühling* (Hotter. LX1305). It goes against my grain to decry so discreet and stylish a Lieder singer as Hans Hotter, but I

cannot say that he makes *Im Frühling* seem suited to a bass, nor that *An die Musik* sounds well transposed down to B flat. Even that grave song, *Meeresstille*, fails to make much impression. RICHARD STRAUSS: *Die Zeitlose; Wozu noch, Mädchen; Du meines Herzens Krönelein* (Lotte Lehmann. DA1943). I prefer to draw a veil over this unfortunate issue, for the recording can do nothing but disservice to a beloved artist whose voice, even now, *must* be better than it sounds on this disc. CILEA: *L'Arlesiana*—"Esser madre e un inferno"; ALFANO: *Risurrezione*—"Dio pietoso" (Pederzini. R30020). Gianna Perderzini is a mezzo-soprano of considerable ability, but she tends to sing everything in the same manner—an over-dramatic one. This said, I recommend the disc, for both the arias are relatively unfamiliar and very good of their kind, which is that known in operatic parlance as *preghiera*, or prayer. The recording is serviceable, but not quite of the best Parlophone-Cetra standard.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,074

Set by Arachne MacLeod

In the days of the humorous recitation, there was a vogue for the patchwork poem, of which this is a sample:—

My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
Was wrecked on the pitiless Goodwin Sands . . .

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit samples of a patchwork poem taken from twentieth-century poems. Limit, 12 lines, and references must be given. Entries by October 3.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,071

Set by G. de Vavasour

M. Cocteau has recently published a day-to-day diary describing his feelings and thoughts during the making of one of his films. The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 200 words) from such a diary kept by one of the following: Praxiteles while designing the frieze of the Acropolis, Shakespeare while writing *Julius Caesar*, Irving while rehearsing *The Bells*, Sir John Millais while painting *Ophelia*, Wagner while composing *Götterdämmerung*, Pheidias constructing the Parthenon.

Report by G. de Vavasour

For a firm nucleus of our competitors, nothing—even in the holiday season—is too daunting; certainly not, as in this case, the frets of the Masters in travail. Burbage can't decide whether to be Brutus or Caesar, what's more, Calpurnia's voice broke this morning. Millais has botanical problems. "I am still unable," (P.G. records), "to determine whether the 'long purples' should be *Lythrum salicaria* or *Epilobium angustifolium*. Jones questions whether the solution of this problem is relevant to Art, but Ruskin considers it essential to Truth. This uncertainty, coupled with Shakespeare's unfortunate reference to the popular nomenclature of the plants, leads me to consider whether it would not be wiser to omit them . . ." Prize-standard, however, was reached by few. I recommend 35s. each for J. B. B. Aris, L.E.J. (in spite of or perhaps because of his surrealist disregard of dates and other unities), P.G., and a guinea for Margaret Kornitzer.

They are having the impertinence to weigh the gold for the statue this time. I shall have to make it up on ivory chips. The mercenary spirit of the Athenians is really dreadful. Young Aristophanes is quite right. Money will be their downfall, unless it's the lack of it. Now, I wonder if a concealed bronze core—but of course, gold's so heavy. Silver perhaps?

Memo: Ask Archimedes a few indirect questions.

That fool Callicrates has made a horse with five legs in the Panathenaic procession. Unfortunately it's not in an important enough place to call it a marvel sacred to Athena. Must tell him to add some more legs and make it several horses. He probably won't be able to do it, but I suppose I can.

The incompetence of these contractors is really beyond belief. They can't even work to a pattern. One of the Amazons on the southern metopes—only just started, too—looks exactly like a horse. They probably did anyway, but this is an idealization, Olympus help me. Ah! Wait a moment—horses fighting Greeks—centaurs! Make the whole south side Greeks and centaurs! Heureka!

Finished the frieze today. What a relief!

J. B. B. ARIS

. . . Accepted commission, and talked with assistant architects. Adumbration of Ideal in our minds—harmony of clear-cut precision, not so much enclosing space as interpenetrating with it. . . . All three of us in a state of rising excitement, culminating in full possession by Pallas Athene.

. . . City Councillors consider preliminary designs: nervous about building costs. Pallas demands perfection, and men who sell goat's-meat haggle over obols. . . . Another long talk with architect Ictinus, who says problem of stresses in roof still intractable. Pallas withdrawn and unresponsive to libations. Midnight: Eureka. (Confound the cliché—I must be getting tired.)

. . . Further meeting with clients. Councillor with cultural pretensions wants spiral fluting on columns; another wants all statuary draped. Express myself freely. Shall probably lose commission.

. . . Through personal intervention of Pericles, commission not cancelled; but Councillors refuse to approve expenses for libations.

. . . All permits at last received and work on site begun.

. . . Columns in position; sculpture progressing. Harmony of clear-cut precision. . . . Share congratulatory libations with Pallis, Ictinus and contractor's foreman.

P. G.

June 11th. Began *Ophelia*. Effie and I read together the passage beginning: "There is a willow grows aslant a brook." We both cried a little.

12th. Effie brought me nettles and daisies, but no crow-flowers or long purples. D.G.R., who was here, advised her to consult some liberal shepherds. I threw him out. Effie refused her lunch.

18th. J. said: "Clothes can't hold a person up in fresh water; that could only happen in the Dead Sea." I said, "How could O. get from Denmark to the Dead Sea?" That shut him up. But may he be right? Ruskin, with his confounded "truth" would never let it pass.

20th. Overheard Effie telling the footman, who had referred to the painting as "Ophelia," to call it "Miss Ophelia." Felt this going rather far, since O. is in Shakespeare. E. said, "But your O. isn't." Not very happy about it.

25th. Dean Stanley brought young P. Albert Edward to studio. Asked who the lady was, the

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INDIGESTION? EAT 'BERMALINE' BREAD and don't worry!

P. said, "The Lady of Schallott?" Stanley reproved him, rather harshly, I thought.

26th. Article by Ruskin praising my Academy picture, d—— him. Effie cried.

27th. D.G.R. came. Said "Corpses float face-downwards." I said, "Not when singing." That shut him up. L.E.J.

. . . prest me to write in a part for W. H. 'Twill upset the balance of the piece, I said.—Nay, Will, said he, a small part wd settle him and we're bound to the fellow. Y'are not writing the bloody play for posterity.—He can be mob, then, and shout. I'll not alter it.—Then said Master Pepper-Lip, you're a bigger fool than I thought. But I know you, Will, y'ever speak fast and accommodate after. This lord must strut the boards incog, for passion that scalds him if he strut not. Let the fellow strut, i' God's name. What's odds? If you won't add, enlarge. No play's never the worse for your cobbling. You cobble like an angel, Will.—He shall play Casca, then, said I. I'll be royal with him too. I'll spoon enough stale lard into the part t'fry his guts eternally, and others like him. Thus: *You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life that shld be in a Roman you do want.* I'll make him over no spunky knave, quoth I, but a sad fearful fellow for's pains. . . . There, it's done. I've spliced and cobbled him. In haste now to furbish Hamlet. . . MARGARET KORNITZER

CHESS: Thorn in the Flesh

No. 54

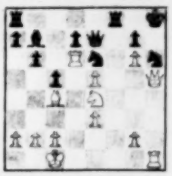
We all like the thorn to be ours and the flesh to be the opponent's though, alas, it frequently happens to be the other way round. The great theoreticians of our game had much to say about this. It was Nimzovitch, I think, who coined the term "advance-post" and Dr. Tarrasch who taught us the value of a Kt, firmly entrenched (i.e. unassailable by enemy pawns and supported by our own), in the centre of the enemy camp. It needn't be a Kt either. The humble P indeed may well be just as nasty a thorn in the enemy's flesh.

Look at this position, (Karlin-Skarp, Malmö, 1943).

Black had hoped to ease his precarious position by planting his Kt at K4. But as soon as he played Kt-Q2 he had to pay the penalty for relinquishing his blockade of the only semi-open file. White played B-R6, and obviously Black can't take the B: for if, after White's RxP the Black R returns to his post he is simply taken by the White Q. Hence Black played Kt-K4, but after (1) BxR, RxB. (2) Q-K2, Q-Q1. (3) Q-R6, he resigned.

It was that nasty thorn on K3 that had pricked the life-blood out of his position.

Here is a pretty position illustrating the same theme. (It occurred in a correspondence game won by v. Holberg in 1938). Black's fierce counter attack on the Q-wing can't save him any longer, his BxKt being answered by (1) Q-R6, R-KK1. (2) R-KR1, BxR. (3) QxP ch, KxQ. (4) PxP mate. As for a P on his 6th acting as a thorn so deeply embedded in the enemy's flesh as to hamper his very development, here is Alekhine's famous win against Lowenfish in 1919. This is what happened. (1) Kt-Kt5, QxR ch. (2) K-B2, QxR. (3) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q1. (4) Q-Q2 ch, B-Q2. (5) PxB, resigns.



The role of a thorn can be played by pieces no less effectively than by pawns. Here in a game won by Schlage in 1934 is a pretty example. Kt-B6 gave him a second "advance-post." Obviously PxKt is out of the question, but Black would have been well advised to sacrifice the exchange. In fact he played B-B1, whereupon he was annihilated like this. (1) QxKt ch, PxQ. (2) RxP ch, K-Kt2. (3) R-R7 ch, KxP. (4) B-Q3 ch, K-Kt4. (5) R-R5 mate.

For this week's competition I offer two studies, White to move and win in each of them. I think they are quite difficult enough to rate 6 points each, even with the broad hint that A involves a very shrewd duel fought out by the bishops. As for B, the theme of to-day's article is vaguely reflected in as much as some painfully effective "restriction" of Black's major piece is involved.

Usual prizes. Entries by Oct. 2.

A: M. Karstedt, 1904

B: A. Troitzki (*Shachmatny*, 1934)

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 26

A: (1) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2, (2) P x P, K x P, (3) R-Kt7, P-K8 (Kt), ch, (4) K-Kt2, P-R8 (Q) ch, (5) K x Q, Kt-B7 ch, (6) K-Kt2, K x P, (7) B-Kt2 ch, K-Kt1, (8) K-B1, K1-R3, (9) R-QKt1 ch, etc.

B: (1) P-R6, Kt-Kt5 ch, (2) K-B4, Kt x P, (3) K-Kt5, Kt-Kt1, (4) R-R2 ch, K-Kt2, (5) R-R7 ch, K-B1, (6) R-B7 mate.

I have to apologise for a misprint in B. *Both* knights, of course, were meant to be black. I shall not count this in the points-competition. A few competitors, incidentally, guessed the horse's true colour. Prizes shared by L. Instone, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft.

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SCHOOLS and Careers. Parents and others desiring information regarding schools and careers for boys should consult The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book, 1950. This is the official book of the Headmasters' Confer-ence and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools. It gives detailed and up-to-date information about all the public and preparatory schools, with a section of practical guidance on careers and the qualifications and preparations for these, and is obtainable through any bookseller or from the publishers, A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London, W.1, price 15s., by post 15s. 10d. Similar information for girls is given in The Girls' School Year Book, 1950, price 12s. 6d., by post 13s. 2d.

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A PROGRESSIVE School in the North. The Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancashire has 50 boys & girls aged 4 to 13; & in a homely atmosphere & ideal surroundings lays a sound foundation for their future.

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-12 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outlook, individual care.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3272.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bris-tol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food re-form diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1951 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn Harris, M.A.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 2 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom with-out sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pine-woods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

SCHOOLS—continued

FOR freedom and self-government. Kil-quhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

ST. Michael's College, Bexley. (Day & Boarding School for Boys.) Boys prepared for Common Entrance, General Schools Certi-ficate and other public examinations. High percentage of successes in all subjects. The School is set in beautiful surroundings in the Garden of England—Home produce from ex-tensive gardens. Moderate fees—Write to Secretary for Prospectus. St. Michael's College, Bexley, Kent.

THE Froebel School, Datchet, Bucks. School of 40 children run on Activity Methods with support of Parents' Group. Small group of weekly boarders 5-6 years of age. Week-end escort to and from Waterloo. Miss Under-wood, N.F.U.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby, (Re-cog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a whole-some, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photo-graphic and Optical Apparatus and Acces-sories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4591), 15 Bucklersbury, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

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LECTURE Hall. Seat 250. Available even-ings Thursday to Saturday and Saturday afternoons (not Sunday, not political meetings). Equipment for refreshments. Apply Secre-tary, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUSton 1816.

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry. (University of London.) There will be a vacancy on 1.10.50 for a Senior Lecturer. The duties of the post will be mainly concerned with the study of psychophysical relations in health and disease. Candidates should have had experience in research and should possess an adequate knowledge of appropriate clinical, psychological, and physiological methods of investigation. The salary scale will be £1,250 × £100—£1,750. The commencing salary will depend on qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be eligible for F.S.S.U. superannuation and family allowance. Application forms, to be returned within ten days of the appearance of this announcement, from the Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Staff Tutor in Art and Craft in the Education of Young Children, to take up duties on January 1, 1951, or as soon thereafter as possible. Teaching duties will be mainly with classes of serving primary school teachers. Salary scale £500, rising by £50 to £1,100. Commencing salary will be within this range, according to experience and qualifications. Particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom nine copies of applications, giving the names of not less than three referees, should be lodged, not later than October 6, 1950. W. S. Angus, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

STOKE Park Colony Group Hospital Management Committee, Stapleton, Bristol. Applications invited for post of Psychologist for Burden Mental Research Department. Commencing salary £600–£1,000 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuable. Applications with two recent testimonials and the names of two referees to be sent to the Secretary, 25 Albert Rd., Clevedon, Somerset, who, if required, will provide further details. Closing date for applications October 7.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Durban, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Senior Lecturer in English. Salary scales: Men, £660 × £25—£900; Women, £550 × £25—£725. In addition, a temporary cost of living allowance is paid. The initial salary will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applics. is Oct. 31, 1950.

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee, Corporation of Dundee. Director of Studies: J. K. Eastham, B.Sc. (Econ.). Applications are invited for an Assistant Lectureship in Applied Economics with special reference to the Economics of Industry. Candidates should possess a good honours degree in Economics of a British University and will be required to assist with the teaching for the External Degrees in Economics of London University. Salary scale £400 × £15 to £595 with a placing on the scale according to experience. Conditions of appointment and form of application may be obtained from the Secretary with whom applications must be lodged by September 30, 1950, 17 Bell Street, Dundee.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for appointments as Senior Scientific Officer and Scientific Officer to be filled by competitive interview during 1950. Interviews began in January and will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1950, may eventually be announced. Successful candidates may be appointed immediately. The posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. Candidates must have obtained a university degree in a scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics with first- or second-class honours, or an equivalent qualification, or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer posts taking their degrees in 1950 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age limits: For Senior Scientific Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on August 1, 1950; for Scientific Officers, at least 21 and under 28 (or under 31 for established civil servants of the Experimental Officer class) on August 1, 1950. Salary scales for men in London: Senior Scientific Officers, £700 × £25—£900; Scientific Officers £460 × £15—£650. Rates for women are somewhat lower. Further particulars from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission (Scientific Branch), 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 2887.

THE National Association for Mental Health requires at new Home for maladjusted children (aged 8-12): (1) Housemother, (2) Housemaster: resident salary £250 p.a.; (3) Married couple—Gardener/Handyman and Cook, resident joint salary £250–£300 p.a. Accommodation available for working couple. Please give names of three referees, and in case of (1) and (2) state special aptitudes (craft, music, art, nursing, etc.). Apply Warden, "Ponds," Seer Green, Bucks.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School. Teacher required for Sunday mornings 10 to 12.30. Apply to the Principal, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Botany (initial salary £450 per annum, rising to £500 after one year). Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received on or before Monday, October 2, 1950.

EDUCATION Organiser (woman graduate), full-time, required by January 1, 1951. Good speaker and experienced in discussion. Salary £400 × £25 to £450, plus travelling expenses. Car or motor-cycle essential. Forms of application obtainable from the County Secretary, Gloucestershire Federation of Women's Institutes, 2 Brunswick Square, Gloucester, to be returned by September 30.

CENTRAL Office of Information. Applications are invited for a post of Translator-reader. Duties are to translate and to check translations, from English into Scandinavian languages and vice versa of publicity and literary material on a wide range of subjects; similar experience of reading and editing is desirable. Particular requirements are a first-rate knowledge of two or more of the following languages, i.e. Danish, Norwegian or Swedish; some knowledge of French and/or Dutch would be a considerable advantage and ability to type is necessary. The post is graded temporary assistant information officer. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience within the scale of £330 (£390 at 25 years) to £575 (Men) or £330 (£370 at 25 years) to £460 (Women). Written applications, giving date of birth, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held including dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Office, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting reference number JL 470, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

CASE Worker wanted for York Family Service Unit. Should have experience in F.S.U. work or be prepared to undergo training in an established Unit. Salary in the range £275 to £350 according to experience. Apply to the Secretary, F.S.U., 64 Walmgate, York.

ASSISTANT Superintendent for Hostel of 16 boys on probation. Single man. Board and lodging provided plus salary £250 p.a. Apply, giving references, age, experience, when available, to Mayers, 25 Whitefields Rd., Solihull, Warwicks.

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BRITISH Patent Agent Firm in Calcutta requires qualified or experienced Patents Assistants and also Trade Marks Assistant. Single men preferred. Salaries according to qualifications. Write Box 918, Reynells', 14 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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WELL-educated woman (26), capable, adaptable, interested literature, theatre, politics, seeks responsible post. Bilingual, English-German shorthand, typing. Expd. indexer, cataloguer, info. secretary. Box 8582.

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CHELTENHAM Spa. Centre for the lovely Cotswolds. Ideal for restful holidays. Tour centre, etc. For rail services inquire at stations, offices or agents. New guide and list of events from Dept. 12, Town Hall.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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WILL Jewish readers help to support the Jewish Home for the Blind? Please send your donations to the Treasurer, Jewish Blind Society, Room No. 31, 5 Stanhope Terrace, London, W.2. Regd. in accordance with National Assistance Act, 1948, and with Jewish Board of Deputies.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to and published price for recent novels in good condition. Selected Books of Bygone Years & Modern Classics. Or we are prepared to Barter & Exchange. Fiction, Short Stories, 159 Victoria St., S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN (Ham. 1525). Marx Bros. Festival Now "Animal Crackers" (U). From October 2 "Duck Soup" (U).

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evs. ex Mon. 7. Sat. and Sun. 5 & 8. The Mask & the Face. Mems.

UNITY. "Winkies and Champagne," Victorian Music Hall and Melodrama. Weds.-Suns 7.30. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2. "Late Joys" nightly. Members.

MERCURY, Park 5700. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Sat. 3.0. Mime Play L'Enfant Prodigue.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., Sept. 24. 7.30; Un Ami Viendra ce Soir (A). Fr.

FILM Society—Tooting, Oct. 2, 7.30. Schoedsack-Cooper's travel classic "Grass" & Rene Clair's famous comedy "Le Million." Members free; Guests 2s. Illustrated prospectus of future season's shows now avail.: Sec., 98 Fishponds Rd. S.W.17. (BAL. 3506.)

HOLBORN Film Society meets 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday from Oct. to May. Oct. to Jan programmes include Le Million, Partie de Campagne, Bank Holiday, Gosta Berling, Safety Last. 15s. full membership, 12s. either Sunday or Tuesday only. Apply Hon. Sec., East Holborn Library, W.C.1.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. (Season 1950-51.) Royal Albert Hall. First Concert; Wed., Oct. 11, at 8. Overture, Leonora No. 3 (Beethoven), Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) (Beethoven), Das Lied von der Erde (Mahler). Soloists: Mary Jarred, Frans Vroons, Claudio Arrau. Conductor: Issay Dobrowen. Single tickets (Res.): 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d. Gallery (standing) 2s. Programmes and full details of subscription ticket rates from Hall and usual Agents.

BATH Bach Festival, October 14-21. 14 Concerts. Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (2½d. stamp).

I.F.I. Dance, Conway Hall, Holborn. Sat., Sept. 23, 7.30 p.m. Tickets at door 4s.

YOUTH House Club Dance, St. Martin's School of Art, 7.30 p.m. Saturday, September 30. Ticket 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, 1950, Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, W.1. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. until Sept. 29. Admission 1s., Children 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent paintings by D. Khayatt and by Oscar Dalvitt opening Sept. 28.

GIMPEL Fils, 50, South Molton St., W.1. Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Painting: Last day. Coming exhibition Water Colours and Drawings by Jankle Adler.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Tilly Losch & XX Century French Paintings. Dly. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. French Exhibition Posters. Paintings by Hilly. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St. W.1. "Names to Remember," Paintings by Contemporary British Artists. Closes Sept. 30

ALL Gainsmed Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints now published, and those coming shortly, on show at 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N. E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields), daily 9.30-6 & Sat. morn. Catalogue on request.

FLOWERS. Autumn Exhibition of Paintings in oil gouache and watercolours. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terr. Works by Inglis Sheldon-Williams, R.O.I. Sept. 8-30. 10-5 p.m. Sats. 10-1.

CONTEMPORARY Art Socy.: Oct. 7. A limited number of members may visit the Royal Library, Windsor Castle. Applic. for tickets (which will be decided by ballot) should be made immediately to C.A.S., Tate Gallery.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Oct. 7. A visit is being arranged to see the collection of Major E. O. Kay at Ascot. Members will travel by special coach. Applications for tickets, by members only, should be made immediately to C.A.S., Tate Gallery.

CONTEMPORARY Art Socy.: Oct. 7. Members will be able to see the interesting collection of 18th and 19th Century portraits at Eton College by courtesy of the Provost. Applics. for tickets by members only should be made immediately to C.A.S., Tate Gallery.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Oct. 14. A visit is being arranged to see Lord Methuen's collection of paintings and furniture at Corsham Court, Wiltshire. The Bath Academy of Arts, the village of Lacock, and the city of Bath will also be visited. Application for tickets should be made immediately to C.A.S., Tate Gallery.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MEET Lord Baldwin at Reception of London Regional Council of Fabian Societies on Thursday, September 28, 7-9 p.m. Nat. T.U. Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2. Admission at door 2s. 6d. incl. refreshments.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

STRASBOURG—What was achieved? Report and Evaluation by Labour M.P. Delegates: Callaghan, Champion, Edelman, Glenvil Hall, Mackay and others. Chair: Hugh Dalton. Mon., Sept. 25, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Questions invited. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door. Fabian International Bureau & Central London Fabian Society.

DELEGATES to Margate. Start your week with an interesting session at a Brains Trust of the Keep Left Group. Richard Acland, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P., Donald Bruce, Barbara Castle, M.P., Richard Crossman, M.P., Harold Davies, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., Tom Horabin, James Johnson, M.P., Marcus Lipton, M.P., Stephen Swingler, George Wigg, M.P. and W. T. Williams, M.P., will answer the questions, and Ian Mikardo, M.P., will be the Questionmaster. Pioneer Hall, Clarendon Rd. Margate. Sunday, October 1, at 8 p.m. (doors open 7.30 p.m.). Admission 1s. at door. Proceeds to Isle of Thanet Labour Party.

SHAW Soc., Sept. 29, 7 p.m.: Europe on the Stage (illus.), by Mordecai Gorelik. 57 Dean St. W.1. Non-mems. 2s. Oct. 1: Rumble. Oct. 7: Annual Dinner (Esme Percy, H. Cohen, Hardman, Joad, K. Martin, "Sagittarius"). Details: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

LE Francais Par Linguaphim. Demonstrations of the new method of learning languages with sound films on Wednesday 27th, Thursday 28th & Saturday 30th, at 3.30, 5.45, 7.30 & 9.15. 105 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Admission 2s. 6d. French & German Classes begin in October. Other languages in preparation.

MASS Labour Meeting — Metropolitan Theatre, Edgware Rd. W.2. Sunday, September 24, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers include Rt. Hon. A. Bevan, M.P., Minister of Health; Michael Stewart, M.P., Under Secretary of State for War, and Bill Field, North Paddington's Labour M.P. All welcome. (Auspices: North Paddington Labour Party.)

FABIAN Society Autumn Lectures:—"Whither Socialism?—Values in a changing Civilisation." Livingstone Hall, Broadway, London, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Oct. 13, Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.: "Democratic Values." Oct. 20, Austen Albu, M.P.: "Socialism and the Study of Man." Oct. 27, Rev. John Groser: "Does Socialism need Religion?" Nov. 3, Dr. J. Bronowski: "Lessons of Science." Nov. 10, Dylan Thomas: "The Artist's Approach." Nov. 17: R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.: "Socialist Values in a changing Civilisation." Tickets 2s. 6d., 4s.; Whole Series 10s., 16s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Yoga. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tuesdays, 1 p.m. Sept. 26: "The Path of Jnana" (Knowledge). Oct. 3: No talk.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Sept. 24, J. Hutton Hynd, "Human Nature and Human Progress." Adm. free.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs., Sept. 28, 7.30: Spiritual Experience, the Aim. All welcome.

HYPNOTIC Healing. Warne-Beresford, M.S.P.R., at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Wednesday, Sept. 27, 7.30 p.m. Stage demonstration and lecture. Tickets 3s. 6d. (reserved) and 2s. 6d. from 5 Gillingham St. (near Victoria Station), or 'phone Bexleyheath 7571.

CHRIST & Korea. The Menace of World War. Friends Hse., Euston Rd. N.W.1. Fri., Sept. 29, at 7.15 p.m. Chairman: Canon T. B. Scrutton. Speakers: Dr. A. D. Belden, Rev. Arnold Bellwood, Ethel Mannin, Reginald Reynolds, Bunty Harman.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Sept. 26, at 7.30 p.m. Talk by Mr. Sam Russell, who covered the trial as the correspondent of the *Daily Worker*, on "The Treason Trial of June, 1950, in Czechoslovakia." Chairman: Mr. James Horth. Adm. free. All welcome.

MISS Dallas Kenmare (author of "World Invisible: A Study of Personality") will speak on "Personality and World Peace," Sept. 29, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

EMMA Smith ("Maiden's trip") on A Writer's Difficulties. Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Rd. S.W.6. Mon., Oct. 2, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

WELCOME the Chinese delegation. Liu Ning-i, Vice-Chairman, All China Federation of Labour. Hsiao Chien, late London Univ. Madam Feng Yuhsiang (wife of the famous "Christian General"), and others. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 6.30 p.m., St. Pancras Town Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 6d. (s.a.e.). Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd. W.2.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, at Kingsway Hall (nr. Holborn Tube), every Thurs. at 7.30 p.m., on Vedanta, Yoga, Psychology, etc. All welcome.

"SOCIAL Element in Arts." Dr. Rosenau at St. Marylebone Lit. Inst. Fridays, 6.45, from Sept. 29. 248 Marylebone Road.

ANDREW Rothstein on his new book, "History of the U.S.S.R." Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., Sept. 27, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. B.S.F.S.

"NOMADS Club," 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.1. Thursday, Sept. 28, 7.45 p.m. Talk on "British Board Film Censors," by Sec. Mr. A. L. Watkins. Visitors welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Left (Book) Club, Mr. Malcolm McEwen on Korea. Vienna Café, 289, Finchley Rd. N.W.3. Sept. 28, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WHAT We Saw in Poland. Delegates just returned from a visit to Poland will report on their experiences and impressions at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Friday, October 6, at 7.30 p.m. Speakers will include a Miner, Clothing-worker, Docker, Engineer, Foundry-worker and Youth Delegates. Tickets 6d. from British Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1. LANgham 6593.

CHILD Psychology, 8 p.m., 302 Finchley Rd., Monday, September 25. Tutor—Mrs. E. M. Epple, B.A., Ph.D. Current Affairs, 8 p.m., 302 Finchley Rd., Tuesday, September 26. Tutor—J. Walton, M.A. Literature, 8 p.m., 302 Finchley Rd., Thursday, September 28. Tutor—Miss V. Henriques, B.A.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. September 24: Laws of Life—Scientific and Religious.

THE Abortion Law Reform Assoc. Public Meeting, on Wed., Sept. 27, at 7.30. In Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., nr. Holborn Tube Stn. Speaker: Professor Glanville Williams, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D. Subs.: "The Present Law." Chair: Mrs. Dorothy Thurtle, J.P.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BASIC Economics. A Course of 12 lectures planned to provide busy people with a working knowledge of economics. Syllabus covers economic theories of past and present. Each weekly lecture repeated from Monday to Friday, from Sept. 18. Fee one guinea. Enrol now. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 6415.

THE Three Europes—(1) Catholic. (2) Renaissance. (3) ?. A Course of 24 University Extension Lectures on "Western Civilisation, A.D. 476-1951" will be given on Wednesdays at 7 p.m. by Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A., in the Interval Club, 22 Dean St. W.1 (off Oxford St.). Course begins Sept. 27. Fee, 17s. 6d. (single lectures, 2s.). Ticket and or prospectus from Lecture Secretary, B.L.E.F., 66 Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 25. Evening lectures and classes for men and women in Politics, Economics, Social Studies, English Language & Literature, Philosophy & Psychology, Science, Music, Art, Languages, Keep-fit, Dancing & Fencing, Theatre School. Fees from 13s. 6d. a year. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

CIVILIZATION Before the Romans. 9 Public Lectures, Tues., 6.45, beginning Oct. 3, at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd. S.E.1. Lecturers: Prof. Gilbert Murray, O.M., Richard Carter, Childe, D.Sc., Prof. H. Frankfort, John Irwin, Prof. M. E. L. Mallowan, Prof. Sidney Smith, Mrs. A. Blanco White, Mrs. Hope Wright. Course fee 10s. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). The following evening courses are included in the University Extension programme for the Session 1950-51, commencing in September, 1950: Astronomy, Ballet, British Birds, Geology, London History, Plant Science and Horticulture, Pond Life, Science and Religion, The Art of the Film, The Honey Bee, The Social Services and the Family, Western Civilization. Many other University Extension Courses will be held at suitable centres in London and the Home Counties, some of them leading to University Extension Diplomas in the Humanities. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue. Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. New term begins Sunday, September 24, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 6 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Logic, Cosmology, Psychology, Old Testament, Christian Origins, Medieval Civilisation, Philosophy of Beauty. University Tutorial Lectures—Economics and Christian Thought. Social Philosophy. Prospectus from the Registrar, Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1. WEL. 9958.

MACHINERY of Government. A course of twelve lectures planned to provide busy people with a basic knowledge of the British Constitution began on Tues., September 19. The lectures will be given weekly on Tuesdays from 7-9 p.m. and will be delivered at the Asian Institute, 17 Irving St. Leicester Square. Fee is one guinea. To enrol, write, call or 'phone School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. Trafalgar 6415.

PART-Time Courses in Club Work with Under Fourteens. Two one-year Part-time Courses, one day and one evening, will begin in London in September, including Child Psychology, Specialised Activities and Theory and Practice of Club Work. Full particulars from Donald Sutherland, Secretary, National Under Fourteens Council, 20 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

INTERNATIONAL People's College, Greenory Pearson House, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5 (near Earls Court Underground Station). Evening Classes for working men and women on World Problems, World History, World Culture, the Psychology of, main Nations and Peoples, Art Appreciation, English for Foreigners, Esperanto, Modern Languages. Enrolment: Week beginning on Sept. 25, every day from 6-9 p.m. Moderate fees.

"LEISURE-Time" Courses in Child Study, A New Approach to the Bible, Moral Philosophy, Literature, Travel, History of London, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Folk Dancing, Crafts, Canteen, Common Room and Library at Mary Ward Settlement, 5, 7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUSton 1816). Autumn Term commences Monday, Sept. 25, 1950. Enrolment from Mon., Sept. 18. Syllabus on application.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau. Evening Classes in Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Arabic will commence on Monday, October 16, 1950. For full particulars please apply Dr. A. A. Ateek, 4, Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1. GRO. 8886.

"SOCIALISM and the Individual" week-end conference organised by C.L.P.S. Oct. 20-22, Pastures Wood, nr. Dorking. Speakers include Prof. Hyman Levy and Christopher Hollis, M.P. Particulars from Miss M. Johnstone, 198 Somervell Rd. S. Harrow, Middx.

SPANISH Academy: Language, translations, shorthand (special ref. to commercial terminology), literature, etc. Write for details to director: J. L. Castillo, M.A. (Cantab.), 18 Trinity Court, Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages at Marble Arch. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Italian, Spanish at all stages. New Classes each week. Prospectus free. Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel. MAY 4640, 1805.

GREGG Shorthand 6 wks. intensive evng. course. Mrs. Frances King, F.N.G.A., M.F.T. Com., 115 Gloucester Pl. W.1. WEL. 5855.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St. W.C.1 (nr Russell Sq.). Autumn Term begins Oct. 2. Classes for Beginners' and Students of all grades. Individual Tuition. All partics. from Secretary. Tel.: HOL. 6770.

SINGING. Auditions free with view training by Madame Marsden (pupil of Lina Casti of New York State Opera). Box 8546.

FREUD-Marlé School of Dram. Art, voice & speech therapy, voice production. Coaching for parts & songs. Make up. Candidates & amateurs coached for all entrance exams. & auditions. Elocution. Public speak. Voice speech defects overcome (lisping, stammering —children, adults). Emil Marlé's original method. 29 Blenheim Gdns. N.W.2. GLA 1968.

PORTUGUESE—Evening Classes for students at all stages, October 4-December 7. Details from: Portuguese Language Committee, 4 Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

ANGLO-French Art Centre has vacancies for full-time students and evening classes for drawing, painting and sculpture. Preparation for M. of E. exams. Apply 29 Elm Tree Rd., N.W.8. Tel. CUNningham 7854.

CHILDREN'S Painting & Modelling Class, "Anglo-French Art Centre, Sat. morning, 11 a.m.-12.30. Details: Sec. CUN. 7854.

STANISLAVSKY Evening Course—Exercises, Mime, Speech Training, Basic Movement, Drama. Hevel Theatre Studio, 25 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. Apply Secy. (SLO. 1940).

DANCE Studio Lilian Harmel: Modern Dance Training for professional dancers, teachers; Movement Practice for actors. Recreative Classes for amateurs and children. 48 a Elsworthy Rd. N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 3500.

MARIAN Naylor is directing 2 separate Courses in Acting Technique, covering Speech and Stage movement. Tues. 7-9. Wed. 2-4. Cent. Lond. Apply: Mrs. Hammond, 5 Mellbury Rd. W.14.

MARIAN Naylor. Short intensive Stage Training Course. Students finishing 1950 now in Rep. and on tour. Coaching auditions, exams. Studio Cent. London. Wim. 2161.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments. Intensive Business Course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus or interview on application to Secretary, 61-62 Bayswater Road, W.2. Tel. PADdington 1320.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 310 and 311

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